Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/ijew0000maur_v4s2

I, THE JEW

by

MAURICE SAMUEL
Author of
"YOU GENTILES," ETC.

New York
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.

1

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY
QUINN & BODEN COMPANY, INC.
RAHWAY, N. J.

To

DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN
in affection
and admiration

FOREWORD

All of the truths in this book are old, most of them are elementary; and nothing is new except the story of my encounter with them. I have not sought to be original. I have only sought to trace accurately the development of my views.

A great deal that is here written contradicts what I wrote in *You Gentiles*. This does not mean that either of the books is wrong in respect of such contradictions. The two books are written from such separate viewpoints that the terminology of one does not apply to the other. In this book I have written of the Jews as a group among others, not for the purpose of contrasting, but for that of comparing. This resulted from the point of view. He who looks horizontally sees mountains shutting one another out. He who looks down sees mountains as similar patches of light and shadow. "Right" or "wrong" does not apply to a point of view.

Here I have applied indiscriminately to Jew and to gentile terms which, in *You Gentiles,* could not be applied to both. Likewise in *You Gentiles* I used different terms which admit of no differentiation on the plane of this book. The two books together give the completely modeled picture.

Contents

BOOK I

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	ADOPTION	3
II.	UPROOTING	9
III.	REVOLT	15
IV.	THE CURE	27
V.	WHAT IS MAN?	36
VI.	THE VOID	42
VII.	THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SCIENCE	51
VIII.	PROBLEMS AND MYSTERIES	58
IX.	SPRINGS OF CREATION	69
X.	FORESTALLING THE CREATOR	74
XI.	THE SCHOOLMASTER IDEALIST	84
XII.	THE DEAD HAND	90
XIII.	A SHAMED LONGING	95
XIV.	CRESCENT INTERNATIONALISM	99
XV.	A WORLD WITHOUT MOODS	106
XVI.	THE BULWARK OF REDEMPTION	112
XVII.	MECHANISM AND CULTURE	117
XVIII.	LIFE AND CULTURE	123
XIX.	THE GREATEST INTERNATIONALE	131
XX.	THE THINGS I LIVE BY	140
XXI.	THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE	149

Contents

BOOK II

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	MY FIRST RETURN	159
II.	THE INSTRUMENTS OF MEMORY	170
III.	THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL	180
IV.	FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH	190
V.	STILL HUNGRY FOR LIFE	201
VI.	THE UNDYING WORD	211
VII.	THE FLIGHT FROM DESTINY	231
VIII.	RACE AND WAR	244
IX.	THIS HUMAN TANGLE	262
X.	TO YOUNG JEWRY	270

BOOK I

Chapter I

ADOPTION

From early childhood into first manhood my life was passed without interruption in the midst of a great western nation. English was the first language I learned to read and write, and it remains to this day—as it will probably remain forever—my most natural medium of expression; my first knowledge of history, my first appreciation of literature, were evoked by the records of England and the works of Englishmen; my first understanding of geography centered on the British Isles, and within that world my first self-consciousness evolved.

England was my nurse, my cradle, my home. I appropriated my surroundings as my natural right. English games, English moral slogans, English institutions—all were mine. English heroes, in all the changes through which my perception of heroism passed in my boyhood and youth, were my heroes: at first Hereward the

Wake, Robin Hood, defenders of my England against foreign oppressors; then, as I, too, learned to tolerate the invader and accept him as my countryman, Richard the Lion-hearted and Edward the First; Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth and the Black Prince, scourges of France; Sir Francis Drake, Marlborough, Nelson, even Claude Duval and Dick Turpin—down to the popular heroes of the time, Lords Roberts and Kitchener. Then, later, when the heroic bore another aspect for me, it was Alfred the Great, Thomas à Becket and Langdon, lovers of the English people; Wycliffe, Ridley, and Latimer, symbols of English religious liberty; Hampden and Cromwell. And against these the villains of my early years were arrayed: King John, Richard the Third, Bloody Mary, Charles the First, Archbishop Laud, Charles the Second, and James the Second. Finally, when my awakening taste for literature asked for something more than simple epic narrative, it was Chaucer, Mallory, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Browning—down to Thomas Hardy and a host of moderns.

I did not understand history as history, but merely as a story, in which good fought bad, rule and order and generosity fought incompetence, lawlessness, and cruelty, all on English soil and for England's sake. The sense of time, the feeling for evolution, were absent. The stories of England were part of me, as cricket and football were part of me. If Hereward the Wake and Alfred were dead, they had only died yesterday, and were of a piece with Kitchener, the soldier, and G. W. Grace, the cricketer, as part of England's greatness.

I thought the literature of England the greatest in the world, for I was young, and knew no other literature. But I also had an absolute appreciation of it, and through this medium, even more effectively than through England's history, I became English in my loves, my ideals.

City-bred and a complete stranger to anything but city life, I learned to "love" a thousand places I had not seen, calling them England's, my own: the Devon country for Drake's sake and Hardy's; Norfolk for Nelson's sake; Shropshire for Housman's sake; Scotland for Scott's sake. I had a proprietary affection for English

hamlets, English rivers, English valleys, famous for historic events or for their association with illustrious names. Each district, with its dialects, its traditions, inner history, was familiar and dear to me, though I had never visited it, and every county had its character for me, all woven into the great English pattern. Wessex farmers, Lancashire weavers, Cornish miners, Norfolk fishermen, Cockney urchins (Dickens and De Morgan), and Scottish shepherds; famous organizations, famous regiments, battleships and buildings, the Royal Society, the Black Watch, Westminster Abbey, the Great Harry—all were mine because they were England's.

In my boyhood no one could have shaken my faith in myself as an Englishman, a child of the British people, part of its struggles, ambitions, and ideals. I knew, of course, that I had been born not in England, but in Roumania—but what of that? I knew that my parents were Jewish, and that, therefore, I, too, was a Jew. I went to synagogue, and not to church. Outside of regular school hours I attended a primitive sort of Hebrew school, and found there a shadowy world which also could, at times, enlist emo-

tions of affection and admiration: the world of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; of Joseph and Moses, of Pharaoh the wicked, of Samson and the Jewish kingdom and the destruction of the Temple. But these themes were not strangers to the English world. True, they were supposed to belong to me in a special sense. Moreover, the ceremonies of the home, the touch of the Sabbath, the high holidays and fast-days, fortified the sense of particularity. But these peculiarities were drowned out by the more vivid inward and outward experiences of my daily life. Like my dissolving memories of the Roumanian village, like the Roumanian stories and the Roumanian tongue which still lingered in my home, they were a private matter of no large social importance. I can hardly reconstruct now the curious relationship between these two worlds, but as I see it in retrospect, Judaism was something additional and rather irrelevant. It did not cross the English field, much less belong to it. Outside the home, the cheder, the synagogue, I ignored it quite naturally, never suspecting that it was more than a quaint accident.

In those days it was self-evident to me that

nothing could be finer than being an Englishman —and nothing could be more natural for me. I ignored tacitly the element of chance which had brought my family into England and which, at one time, might just as well have left it in France. Rather did it seem that England had been predestined for me, as my mind, and no one else's, was predestined for my body—England, the mother of liberty, with her parliament, her kings, her great soldiers, her colonizers, her law-givers; with her aristocracy, her customs, her pride. Some day, I dreamed, I would become a leader among her leaders, a name among her names.

Chapter II

UPROOTING

As I grew out of boyhood I mingled with men older than myself, men born to England, as their fathers had been. In them I began to perceive a love of England which differed from mine, and because of them I began to perceive it also in the things I read. It was (I could not help feeling it) another love, not more intense than mine, not more abundant, but more implicit in circumstances beyond their control—a love which could endure side by side with hatred and rebellion. I became conscious now of the strange power of time, and felt that their love was not of today alone and did not reside in the individual. These men loved England not as the land they found it; they loved it (the word "love" is subtly inaccurate)—they clove to England, flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone —they loved it as it had been in the past and would be in time to come. For them love of

country was a loyalty which could not spring from spiritual kinship alone, but from the consciousness of blood relationship.

In these new circles the blind adoration of my boyhood faltered while it offered itself, touched for the first time by a suspicion of inadequacy. There were men who pointed to the records of their family, and with fierce and silent pride took their part in England as a personal inheritance. Others, who could trace their descent no further back than two or three generations, still knew that in a past of lost identities their kin had been a part of the thing they loved. Their love of England was none the less the love of an ideal in that it was not abstract, but it gave a decisive edge to their emotions. They spoke of "my England" as a man speaks of his own family, with an intimacy to which no stranger could presume.

The civilization of England was the civilization of their race. Their pride in it was the pride of race.

From this essential participation in England I felt myself tacitly excluded. It was not an act of deliberate extrusion. I only knew, when

these men talked of "their" England—the best men, men I admired, men whose motives were lofty, whose minds were uncorrupted by vulgar prejudices—that their relationship to the subject was one I could not share. I met very little anti-Semitism in those days; and if I met it, I considered it something too trivial to merit serious attention. For these men were not anti-Semites. They had no need to be.

Indeed, they greeted my participation in England's civilization with a natural kindness. They were willing to admit me, but their graciousness was of no avail, for they could not undo the past, and they could not help taking a son's pride in a father's greatness. And I could not share their forefathers with them.

On both sides there was a certain embarrassment. I must confess I felt a certain humiliation because somebody had to "admit" me to the life which I had thought naturally mine. This reason alone might have prevented me from accepting the invitation, for in so serious a matter, how could I let myself be considered an object of charity? They, on the other hand, would have felt that any effort on my part to press the ad-

vantage of their kindness too closely would have been indelicate and offensive. There are certain things in life which cannot be given and taken. Cemeteries and a past history are among these.

Let it be understood that there was no enmity born of this estrangement. There was much to do together. We had many common tasks and pursuits. We were equally concerned in the welfare of the country. This much I would give, and this much they could accept. But they were not aware of any break between past and present; the unity of history was combined with the unity of their personal destiny. Their reverence for the past was one with their present affections, and their individual loyalty to the memory of their parents and grandparents was only another aspect of their love for England. But while I studied their past and understood its spirit, I was, in that poignant sense, detached from it. I brought to it sympathy and intelligence, and even that degree of emotional participation which is roused by every great narrative. They felt the past as something remotely experienced by themselves. I would have blushed to speak of their past with the intimacy which

they assumed. How could I say with them "our forefathers"?

I wanted to be one with them and with their world—our world—one, without doubt, without diffidence. Did I not know England, its past and present, as well as they? I loved their poets, their heroes, their struggles. I spoke their language, joyed in it, strove toward perfect control of it. I was too young, at that time, to understand that the creative passions of life lie beyond the reach of argument. I did not understand the laws by which men live. I felt an obscure injustice against myself in that inherited intimacy. "Shakespeare is not yours as much as ours, for ours were the forefathers who gave him his material and fill his pages. Our fathers, not yours, wrested the sovereignty from the Stuarts. The blood which was in the veins of Milton and Cromwell is diffused among us. We, unborn, were in the armies of Marlborough and of Wellington, the audiences of Siddon." These words were not uttered, but I heard them, a continuous undertone in all their commerce with me. What was mine by careful acquisition was theirs by a right apparently beyond the reach of analysis.

An inner voice, inaudible to me, spoke to them from these inventions and records.

Because I did not understand the laws of life, I revolted: not against these men, but against the silent assumption of the mastery of the past. I would not admit of any difference between us. Here and now, I said, we are men together; there are no ghosts.

Chapter III

REVOLT

"Whatever stands between man and man, as God made us, is error," I said. "Take me as I am. What if my father does tell me I am a Jew? What he tells me does not alter me, except as I permit it, sentimentally, unreasonably. Suppose, to your confusion, I were a changeling, an English child left in Roumania, brought up by Jews here in your midst. I would still, for all my blood relationship, feel myself a stranger to your pride of heritage—and only because of a thing said to me. This barrier which rises between us is something unreal, then. It has no foundation in the nature of things; that which only words create, words can uncreate.

"This past," I said, "this tyrannous past—you and I make it. The past *is not,* except as you and I will it to be. I have willed the English past to exist in me, as you have willed it to exist in you. Why, then, is it yours more than

mine? Are the experiences of your fathers stamped into your blood, making you more fit than another to carry on the civilization which they founded?"

"Assuredly it is so," I was answered. "Only Englishmen have, in the first place, that attitude toward things which has produced England's institutions and her civilization. The Frenchman has his own way of reacting toward life. The Russian, the Italian—each is fashioned in a general mold. There may be overlappings—but Englishmen could not have produced the civilization of France, nor Frenchmen the civilization of England. Each race produces after its own fashion. You, a Jew, can produce, feel, think, only in the fashion of your race. And further, if there is such a thing as a racial type (and can you deny it? Look at the world around you, the tone and temper of lands), whence can it arise but from inherited memory, worked into our fiber: we say the blood, but we mean the entirety of the man. It is not you who make the past; it is the past which makes you. It made you a Jew, as it made us Englishmen."

This statement, plausible, convincing, was a

sufficient and final argument—if only it were true. If a race, from generation to generation, is an organism with its record written into the structure of its children, if the past is in our blood, in this special and immediate sense, then my extrusion was real, and my distress corresponded not to sentimentalities, but to ultimate human realities. I was then a stranger, in the midst of others than my own kind—to be received, welcomed, befriended, made an equal in all things, except in what matters most—a misfortune to be faced, but not be argued away.

But *was* it true? I sought the answer among scientists, and they said, "It is not true." There was nothing in the world of science which bore out this quiet assumption of racial aptitudes, with its corollary of racial memory. It was impossible to define races even on a purely physical basis—let alone in the tenuous terminology of the romantic psychologists.

"The Englishman is slow, steady; the Frenchman volatile, but logical; the Russian dreamy, mystical." It was the easiest thing in the world to say this and to illustrate it with all manner of quotations and incidents. One could as easily

say the reverse, and argue it with equal plausibility. But in actual fact they could not demonstrate any acceptable difference between the Englishman and the Frenchman. To whatever test and measurement you submitted a number of Frenchmen, you obtained practically the same results from the same number of Englishmen. Cephalic indices either on the plan of the skull or on the end elevation, nasal indices, whatever ingenuities anthropometry has devised, yielded the same result. The body of man was the same everywhere; the same nerves reacted in the same fashion to the same stimuli. The babies of all races were identical in all respects that mattered. One was not born an Englishman, with an English inheritance. One was born merely a human being, and the "pride," the "inheritance," the "share in the past" were the result of education, or "conditioning." Any human being could be brought up to be moved by pride of English heritage.

There were differences, of course. The Chinaman is yellow, even as a baby; the negro is black. There is some rough correspondence of skull shapes among Eskimos, or among Australian

aborigines. There may even be a classification of this kind holding between Nordics, Alpines, and Mediterraneans. Certain groups of human beings may be successfully classified according to the cross index of their hair. But who has yet proved that any of these physical characteristics are related to any phychological predispositions? You may say with safety that southern Europeans are darker-skinned than northern Europeans. But on what basis do you go on from this classification to assert that darker skins go with "more violent passions"? If you find a number of blonds among darker southern races, will you single them out as being less emotional than their neighbors? If you find a number of brunets among lighter northern races, will you single them out as being more temperamental? Suppose we grant that the Alpine type is more frequently brachycephalous than the Nordic. And suppose we grant that Nordics are by nature mystics, Alpines logicians (an almost meaningless classification), will you then go on to say that brachycephalous Nordics are more logical than their neighbors, dolichocephalous Alpines more mystical?

My Englishmen said one thing; dispassionate study said something else; namely, that race in the sense my Englishmen spoke of did not exist. Nature does not know of races, psychically. It knows only of man. Nobody is an Englishman or a Jew or a Frenchman "by birth." In the matter of mental predisposition or faculties, nobody is even a negro or a Chinaman.

Such is the verdict of science, and it was the verdict I needed. I could thenceforth look upon the tacit exclusiveness of the Englishman as something quite irrelevant to the true situation. His pride was an error. As such it need not disturb me. True, he clung to his error, acting, as human beings do, not on what is the truth, but on what they conceive to be the truth. Theoretically, at least, I did not let this disturb me. I was rehabilitated in equality. Science had demonstrated that in all respects he and I were the same.

But what had begun as a revolt against the tyranny of the recorded past developed into something which carried me far beyond the limits of my original problem. I had set out to prove myself an Englishman, by proving that I

was the same as my neighbor. And science proved for me that I *was* the same as my neighbor, but neither of us was an Englishman or anything else. As the barrier fell between Jew and Englishman, it fell also between Englishman and Frenchman, and German and Russian. This delight of race (not to speak of its pride) was the illusion of a savage; the historic past transmitted nothing to any man. The Englishman's assertion that his race was by inward nature the guardian of certain human values, individual and social, was devoid of meaning. Equally invalid were the similar claims of all other peoples.

There was lifted for me, at that time, the veil which concealed the treacherous and tremendous conspiracy of environment against the pure intelligence of man. It was a conspiracy which subtly corrupted the intelligence at its source, and extended into almost every subject connected with human progress. I was interested at first only in the problem of individual identity, the basis of all true advance, in the mind, as it should be, *could* be—an instrument of clear perception—were it not for the fine, all-pervasive

net of rationalized prejudices which the world offers us as "education." A child was subjected, during the years of its extremest sensitiveness, to unrelenting mental pressure resulting in a deformity which was practically incurable. At home, in the school, in its first social contacts, it was taught that it was "an Englishman." The huge machinery of its environment was directed to one end—the warping of its natural intelligence. So effectively was the task performed that assumptions utterly repugnant to logic became "self-evident truths"; efforts to dislodge them were received with bitter resentment as an assault on man's dearest possessions, and the disinterested idealism of the freethinker was interpreted as a sort of original evil, the pure *Schadenfreude* of Satan; men became infatuated with stupidity, not only taking pride in it, but defending it with an involved and passionate ingenuity, one half of which, soberly applied to human problems, might prepare the millennium for the next generation. Part of this huge machine (*part,* because after all there had been the counter-conspiracy of a Jewish home) had sufficed to convince me that I was "an Englishman."

The accident of birth (I might never have rebelled if I had not been born "a Jew") later compelled me to revise this conviction. Between the two conspiracies I arrived at the truth, as, when thieves fall out, honest men come by their own.

And I saw the objective, as well as the subjective, evil in which this culminated. I had been excluded from the ultimate spiritual benefit of being an Englishman because, born of Jewish parents, I was assumed to have inherited a mysterious biological quantity which marked me off from the rest of mankind. My first sufferings had been intense. I had been made to feel a stranger, with no ultimate share in the life around me. But the case of the individual was of little importance, and mine particularly so because, realizing that I was not being excluded from anything real (unless it were from the prejudices of my friends) I could learn to accept the gesture of expulsion with tolerance, perhaps amusement. The case as between nation and nation involved the most fearful consequences. Here were great, civilized, and intelligent groups of human beings who regarded each other as belonging to different species.

Their mentality warped by patriotic histories, by shallow and unjustified differentiations, they grew up in the belief that an unbridgeable gulf separated them. Out of this sense of fundamental separation grew suspicion and dislike, a fertile breeding-ground for sudden outbursts of hatred, for wars, for the most monstrous sort of perversions.

In a sense profounder than Gibbon had ever intended, history was indeed little more than the record of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. "For a cranial difference," said one writer, "rivers of blood will be shed." Nor was it the ghastly record of physical suffering alone which appalled me. It was the continuous stultification of man's mental and moral faculties. More dreadful than the physical cruelty of wars and the epidemics which inevitably followed them were the periodic madnesses which seized the nations. For the former affected part of a nation only. The latter spared none. Combatants and noncombatants were caught up in a wave of madness. With negligible exceptions the subjects of a nation at war revert to the mentality of savages—how else could the war

be conducted, how else could they bear it?—and the experience leaves a scar which can never be removed. In one form and another the mental stigmata of war survive the event, and the young generation grows up in a pestilent atmosphere of deliberate lies and unnatural inaccuracies. Around these lies grow up huge literatures of rationalization, and from one source the whole of life is finally corrupted.

On the same foundations were reared many other evils. The inherent superiority or inferiority of races is merely an extension of the idea of the superiority of aristocracies, and is founded on the same indefensible theory, a misapplication of a crude system of eugenics. History being what it is, kings and courts what they are, it is doubtful whether the inborn qualities which lifted the founder of a line to social or political prominence (I ignore the question of accident) are those proper to the aristocratic concept of an aristocracy. How many aristocrats would like to resemble "the first of that name"—not to mention intermediary ancestors? And, assuming that these qualities are acceptable, it is doubtful whether they ever were transmitted at

all, whether a dominant strain of another type did not interfere almost at once. And as for the proper qualities of an aristocracy, those dependent on education alone (the term *breeding* is loosely and inaccurately used to confuse heredity with environment), they were certainly not transmitted from generation to generation, for had I not learned that there is no such thing as racial memory? The peasant's baby transferred in secret to a cradle in a palace would grow up a "typical" nobleman or prince, indistinguishable from his peers. Heredity had as little to do with this as astrology. For decades intelligent men have investigated scientifically the laws which are supposed to justify these social divisions. No one has yet been able to defend the biological theory of an aristocracy with any degree of plausibility.

Chapter IV

THE CURE

I do not know how far a sense of personal injustice spurred me on to a crusade against the errors of the world. But I saw that mankind was thoroughly mad, and it was my duty to help set it right. I accepted this as a personal mission. It was a cause vehemently espoused, violently urged upon all who would listen. The task was supremely difficult, but not hopeless. And the goal could be reached by one method only, by teaching men to live by theories born not of passions, but of sober investigation. There was needed a system of education which would teach truths unmotivated by the personal element. There was needed a world of truths unaffected by the moods of men.

Truths of this type were, happily, not altogether unknown, however they might be abused. In the field of pure science, where I had found personal salvation, could be found salvation

for all others. Its methods and its results are beyond the reach of passion, either individual or social. It deals with universals. Whether you are an Englishman or a Chinaman, you must admit that two and two make four, that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal in area to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, that the swing of a given pendulum in a given place is constant, that the known elements fit into Mendeleyev's tables, that the blood of an ape injected into the veins of a rabbit is fatal to the rabbit, that the sight of food causes salivary secretion in the normal hungry man. These things are beyond dispute,[1] and are beyond the reach even of change of mood in the individual person. In certain moods you may consider Ecclesiastes the greatest and most valuable book in the world; in other moods you may think Falstaff the greatest invention of the poetic mind. And you may argue the question back and forth forever, without satisfaction. But whatever your mood or condition, granting that you have kept your intelligence, you know that two parts of hydrogen, added to one of oxy-

[1] Even this is disputed by Oswald Spengler.

gen, by volume, can be sparked and exploded to produce water.

There is a vast and growing world of such truths, a world which is slowly extending into every realm of human curiosity. Phenomena which for centuries were within the province of poetic and semi-poetic speculation are systematically being brought under the rule of absolute and incontrovertible law. Not an evil spirit causes typhoid, but a tiny living thing. You can prove this. You can cure persons of typhoid not by invocation and prayer, but by expelling the parasite without injuring the host. And it is immaterial whether you were born in China or Timbuctoo. Your "racial inheritance" disappears here, as it disappears in the world of mathematics and physics.

To extend this world of law, to deny validity to anything outside of it, is the cure for these human ills and follies.

I therefore schooled myself to look with hatred on the methods of education to which the young are subjected the world over. Whatever was taught outside the framework of scientific truth was always questionable, and fre-

quently dangerous. The partial, lying histories of the schools were perhaps the most conspicuously evil examples, but they did not stand alone. Patriotic exercises were closely related to them. Unwarranted instruction concerning a God whom nobody, since the beginning of time, had reasonably proved to exist, and who was certainly beyond the reach of the intelligence of the teacher, let alone the pupil; the calm assumption of personal immortality; reverence for the past simply because it was the past; the universal stress on faith and intellectual humility—these were to me the instruments of the perpetuation of human stupidity and cruelty.

The key, perhaps, to the whole complex of superstition, was the attitude of man toward man himself. That man is something special in the order of creation, that there resides in him a principle which cannot be analyzed, which it is *blasphemy* to analyze, that we must approach the study of his make-up, his nature, his origin, with definite and final reservations—all this was of the very essence of the problem.

But man was to me a problem like every other problem, in that he could be studied only by the

methods which we applied everywhere else. What could not be proved was not to be believed, and what was evident to the intelligence was to be fearlessly accepted. I saw in this approach the only solution of the world's evils. Every other approach was part of the transmitted superstitions of our unhappy past.

I applied this not only to the normal stupidities of the masses, and the trained prejudices of tolerably educated men. I saw that more dangerous than these were the romantic philosophers, the intellectual giants who had used their great gifts for the construction of marvelous and airy fabrics of speculation, systems which were unrelated to the iron facts of life, and which could serve, and did serve, as the support of evil and fantastic divisions among men. Life was not to be adjusted, I said, by taking abstract thought. You must investigate. You must make it evident, put it beyond dispute. In what laboratory could you subject Plato's idealism to a rigid test? What did Spinoza's pantheism mean, in terms of reality? Was it any wonder that men had blundered from system to system, that there had actually been *fashions*

in philosophy? How could a truth be fashionable or unfashionable? Philosophers no more dealt in truth than did poets. Philosophers were, indeed, poets, and their "systems of truth" were reflections of moods. Schopenhauer's liver could conceivably explain his whole system. Had Spinoza been of a more boisterous nature, he would never have conceived his universal God-Man-Universe entity. Anemic Spinoza and bilious Schopenhauer could never agree in their philosophies, but neither of them could escape from the simple fact that a body floating in a liquid displaces its own weight.

I turned upon metaphysics and philosophy as the greatest traducers of men, the more evil by virtue of their superior pretentiousness. They were and are of a piece with the rest of man's errors, rationalizations, superstitions. The salvation of man lay in the repudiation of this method of thought and its replacement by the simple and obvious method of sensible investigation.

The more I examined the wretched muddle of human affairs, the more I was convinced that unless we learned to distrust everything but the

tried and tested truths which *everybody* with normal intelligence and training could understand, we should never emerge from our essential barbarism. Wars, economic evils, social maladjustments, all alike were to be approached sanely and rationally. And given this method, there was no reason why a single evil should remain within the realm of controllable life. Who knew but what every evil could be controlled? Not only hatreds, discriminations, superstitions, but all disease, and perhaps that immemorial and greatest evil, death itself, might be removed. I contemplated the gifts of science to mankind. Here at least there was nothing to be disputed. Religion might or might not have improved the human race. The world might or might not be better because of Isaiah, or Jesus, or Plato, or Spinoza. But no one could dispute that science had lengthened human life, that much suffering had been overcome, that space had in a sense been conquered, that the earth and the sun had been weighed. This alone was indisputable; all the rest, questionable. Science had found a specific for this disease and that disease; it had conquered cholera and diphtheria; it was con-

quering syphilis; tomorrow it would conquer tuberculosis and perhaps cancer. It might conquer the problem of old age and decay. All this was fact—hard, undeniable fact.

And the evils in human relationships were all of the same nature, could be conquered by the same method. We should not end war by talking metaphysics, but by delving into the problems of population, of government, of production. And the problems of population were not based on mystical abstractions, but on iron laws of biology. We should not conquer the problem of poverty by appeals to religion, but by the study of the laws of political economy, of the organization of wealth.

It is unnecessary to expatiate on the prospects which were opened up by this simple acceptance of truth in its literal sense. I saw a new world emerging, a world of clean truth, a world of power. There were secrets locked in the laboratory which would give us the control of the earth, of the universe itself. As we had bridged the Atlantic with invisible sparks, so we should bridge the spaces between the planets, between the stars themselves. As we had wrested power

from waterfalls, we should wrest it from the atom. Such a world lay before us as no prophet had contemplated, for nothing which the human imagination could foreshadow is as fruitful or inventive as Nature herself. A world of pure intelligence, a world cleansed of all the hobgoblins begotten by our primitive ancestry and perpetuated by our primitive system of education. A world of realities.

Chapter V

WHAT IS MAN?

It is not very easy to portray the concept of man which emerged from this rejection of all but scientific truth. For the generally accepted world, with its ideas, faiths, philosophies, fantasies, passed away like a dream. There remained the fact alone. All that I had accepted from boyhood upward, reverences, loyalties, affections, the fantasy of national spirits, the pageantry of ideals—all disappeared. The consciousness which gave birth to these things was at first suspect and then convicted. It was futile for a man to examine his consciousness, to say "I feel this," "I believe that," for consciousness itself was a function of physical elements. Our thoughts are movements of cells, or of material within cells, or both, and the only approach to an understanding of the nature of thought is the study of these movements. Thought as such, thought the abstraction, is

itself an illusion; in that sense consciousness does not exist. We do things because certain things happen to us; we "think" them for the same reason—except that the word "think" is a meaningless superfluity. To think is to do; it is to utter words, though not aloud. We ascribe "motives" in consciousness to our actions, but, as a matter of simple fact, the "motives" are automatic and inevitable chemical and electrical reactions.

But even to say that consciousness is an illusion is unsatisfactory, for an illusion somehow implies the thing I would deny existence to. I can only convey the idea of the mechanical concept of man by submitting a brief picture of myself as seen in the pure terminology of science.

It is to be understood that I am seated in front of my typewriter. My mind is occupied with certain problems which agitate me deeply. Occasionally I am moved by these thoughts to tears, occasionally to laughter. I am "conscious" of motives, of the will to better the mind of man, to answer the problems which agitate thousands of human beings unknown to me. This is myself as I see myself in ordinary terminology; the

following is myself as seen without any of these primitive rationalizations:

LITERAL INTERLUDE

In a room on the ninth floor of the Hotel Benson, in the city of Portland, Oregon, an object defined as a human being (Exhibit A) is seated before an object defined as a typewriter (Exhibit B, the typewriter, Exhibit C, illustrating the seated posture; other exhibits ad lib.). *The human being is in a state of motion in many of its visible sections, and from observation on similar human beings in similar situations, it is inferred that there is also considerable activity in sections of the human being which are not exposed to view. The most characteristic visible activity of the said human being consists of complicated motions of the hands, the fingers of the hands descending from time to time upon the various letters on the keyboard in such fashion as to set in motion the machinery of the typewriter with a consequent production of words*[1] *upon the*

[1] The word "words" connotes a distressing completeness of concept or consciousness. For the consistent behaviorist there is no such thing as a "word" with its general psychic con-

paper. The activities of the invisible sections of the human being are much more difficult of definition than the external, nor have we gathered sufficient data to offer a complete description. The body of the said human being is composed of material of a cellular structure, the cells consisting of an enormously complicated physical mixture of enormously complicated chemical substances enclosed within a minute sac or membrane. The body is not, however, of the same structure throughout, but contains different substances (Exhibits, skin, bones, teeth, etc.) and various organs (Exhibits, heart, brain, stomach, liver, glands, etc., etc., etc.). This vast collection of materials and organs is coördinated into a system by a series of connective lines, also of cellular structure. Currents (probably of an electrochemical nature) run back and forth from each organ to a central reference system. The order in which the fingers fall upon the letters of the keyboard has its origin (or has had it) in the action of rays of light, tactual pressure, waves of sound, olfactory and gustatory reac-

notation. There is only a group of markings (not letters) corresponding in some way to definite chemical, electrical, and other reactions within the structure of the human being.

tions originating from the exterior, plus certain other factors to be mentioned hereafter. At various points in the body are distributed organs known as glands, secreting complicated chemical substances and distributing these through the body according to stimuli already noted and the conditions to be mentioned. The quantity of chemical substance, its effects upon the organs of the said human being, and consequently the effect on the paper, are all governed by the nature of the said human being; that is, by its original structure, the totality of its past experience (including part of that of its progenitors), and by the complex of stimuli to which it is at present being subjected. At the time of description, the complication of physical and chemical changes provoked in the epithelial cells, taken together with the constellation of formations in the various organs (the result of previous reactions), set up, at given intervals, neural impulses (Exhibits, descriptions, explanations). We are not yet in a position to follow and coördinate the relationship between any particular grouping of letters on the paper and the constellation of chemical, physical, electrical, and mechanical

changes which precede it. But it is quite certain that the first production of the letter-group BALDERDASH, *occurring as it does in a vast complex of letters, is different in origin from the second production of the letter-group* BALDERDASH, *which occurs in a different complex of surrounding letters. For by the time the letter-group has been repeated, complicated changes have taken place in the chemical, electrical, and other dispositions of the said human being.*

At irregular intervals various other activities, presumably connected with the reactions which are responsible for the given letter formations on the paper, are manifest. Facial contractions and expansions take place, while from time to time the cords situated below the oral cavity are set in vibration, with a consequent production of sounds. From time to time these sounds take on a special character, consisting of short and fairly loud emissions at rapid intervals, accompanied by a characteristic grouping of the facial muscles and rapid vibrations of the larger part of the whole body.[2]

[2] The said human being is laughing (pop.).

Chapter VI

THE VOID

This was man as I learned to see him in days before the word behaviorism had passed like a stubble fire across the field of modern thought—certainly before I had ever heard of the word. *This* is man, and by understanding him to be this, and nothing else, we shall "save him."

But those who have read through the last chapter will ask: "What does it mean, this picture? Whither does it lead us?" The answer is that it means nothing at all. The very question is illegitimate. This picture is not supposed to "lead" to anything beyond an amplification of its own detail. The word "mean" is an alien and inadmissible intrusion on the catalogue which constitutes the sum total of this concept.

Yet human nature, driven away with a pitchfork, this time a scientific pitchfork, reasserts itself, asking what *does* it mean? To the behaviorist, or to the strict scientist (the word

behaviorism itself being a superfluity), the sole interest of this exposition is supposed to lie in itself; to the average human being (including, paradoxically, the scientist himself in his quality as an average human being), it is the philosophic implication which is of supreme interest.

It "means," then, the following: that in a soundless and lightless void, a motion of the most complicated kind is in progress. The progression of this change is subject to inexorable laws; more exactly, to an inexorable sequence. Nebulæ, suns, planets, animals, empires, children, prophets, poets, philosophers, romanticists all go clicking, clicking, clicking through infinite varieties of combinations. The juices run in the veins of man, the blood circulates, the glands secrete and excrete, the nerves respond, the automaton jerks. Love and hatred, ancestral pride, conscious tenderness of motherhood, lusts, ambitions, religious ecstasies, longings for immortality, frenzy of the artist, stirrings of beauty—these do not exist. There is only the ineluctable procession of cause and effect, or, since the very words "cause" and "effect" are themselves only illusions of consciousness, I will say

there is only an ineluctable procession. From the beginning of eternity to the end of it, in all the spaces of the universe, movement, arrangement, unfolding, and development, box within box of detail.

"This is horrible," you cry. The answer is: "There is no such thing as the horrible. There is only glandular secretion, neural responses, chemical combinations. . . ." Again you cry: "I cannot live if this be all." The answer is: "If you cannot live, it has nothing to do with what you call your philosophy. If you cannot live, it is because of particular changes in these movements and secretions leading to the arrest of the phenomena which are characteristic of life. If you would live, govern these changes—not your philosophy."

This, and not thought, is existence. *Non cogito, ergo sum.*

With extraordinary inconsistency, however, we are bidden to believe in this not simply because it is true (that is, because we cannot help believing it), but because by this method alone shall we redeem mankind from wretchedness. I have never read a book in defence of this ex-

position of life which is not prefaced by an appeal to the heart and conscience of the reader and a reference to the redemption of man. I do not know whether these appeals—these moral vindications—are made as a concession to the temper of the stupid public. But it is certain that they have nothing to do with the subject, are as alien to it as the most fantastic philosophic ratiocination.

How, from the phenomena which we have just catalogued, does any implication of morality emerge? Where, in this void, shall one find inspiration for labor on behalf of mankind, much less a belief that mankind is susceptible of improvement, or that there is such a thing as improvement in an impercipient procession which knows neither better nor worse? How, in this panorama of utterly meaningless motions, are we to come by any ideal? There is only one answer; we can come by it dishonestly.

The point is worth more exact illustration. When, as a boy, I was drawn to the study of astronomy, I read a great deal, in semi-literary introductions to the subject, concerning its ennobling influences. These exhortations ran to

the effect that in the contemplation of the starry spaces I should find a serenity and nobility which would lift me forever beyond the petty strife of this sublunar world. What man, they asked, that has been engulfed in the infinitudes revealed by the telescope and the spectroscope can entertain seriously the trivial ambitions which are responsible for so much evil? Who, after a survey of the blinding splendor of the Pleiades, could descend to ignominious squabbles concerning earthly values?

There was a specious sincerity about this irrelevant ethical introduction which it needed only brief experience to dispel. The sword was double-edged. The contemplation of the starry spaces did induce a sort of indifference to the human struggle—but that indifference had a negative as well as an affirmative side. To such insignificance were man and his world reduced that I lost all moral orientation. I saw that the triumphs of mankind, viewed from the rings of Saturn, were quite as meaningless as its disasters. What did Vega care about the martyrs? What perturbations, I asked myself, were there in the Milky Way when the Balkans declared war on

Turkey? The cry of suffering humanity was a faint emanation of vibrations on a speck of dust lost in an immeasurable void—obscure perturbations of dust on a lesser planet among the infinitude of suns. . . .

Yet it would be vicious to assert that scientists are less moral than other men, and I would be unjust to myself if I asserted that I became indifferent to the problems of mankind. On the contrary, this view of life, and this treatment of human as well as nonhuman phenomena, were allied to a passionate ideal! An ideal, an illusion, in connection with this concept may sound absurd—yet there it was. For humanity's sake I studied these things and urged upon others my views of the nature of life, and for humanity's sake the scientists urged them upon me! For the love of my kind I asserted that there is no such thing as love, and for the sake of the greatest ideal of all I insisted that ideals are delusions, are less than that, are nonexistent. For the sake of the same thing scientists have gone to the stake, have suffered poverty and ignominy, will continue to suffer for generations to come. Men have labored with superhuman persistence

in the face of incredible discouragement to establish these truths. And though not all scientists have deduced this philosophy from science, there are not lacking instances of men who have worked through tears and hunger for the right to illustrate to this meaningless concourse of atoms its essential meaninglessness.

. . . . . .

For some time I found happiness in the prosecution of a similar crusade. As I have said, the momentum of my liberation from a particular form of tradition (the national) carried me far beyond my original goal. I applied the simple method of the sceptic to all accepted systems, national, religious, ethical, economic. I was drawn into the socialist movement because the acceptance of its doctrines was always prefaced by, and always implied, an omnibus rejection of all accepted traditions. I remember with affection the groups among which I worked, laborers in Manchester, weavers in the towns surrounding, kindly people in revolt against the cruel and bewildering inconsistencies of organized life. If they suffered from simple physical privation, they suffered even more be-

cause they understood they had been fooled; priests had fooled them, teachers, politicians, noblemen, kings. I wanted to show them exactly how they had been fooled—for I, too, had been fooled. Together we tried to take to pieces the psychological and social machinery of tyranny, and, by the sheer process of mechanic analysis, to strip the ancient institutions of their protective glamour. How accurate we were hardly mattered; what mattered was our outlook, one of complete unbelief. That time of my life was invested with something like apostolic joy. In those circles the socialist movement partook of the character of a religion of the poor and oppressed, with apocalyptic visions of the impending destruction of the capitalistic world. Our faith in the immanence of that destruction must have been much like the faith of the first Christians.

But somehow we never went far enough to subject ourselves to the same scrutiny, to see in ourselves the same jerking automata that we saw in others, and in the whole struggle of the classes the curious but unimportant spectacle of a biological process without ultimate mean-

ing—and therefore without the power to inspire. In brief, we never saw our own fierce enthusiasm as the barbarous rationalization of automatic reactions; we were coldly scientific about everything but our scientific passion, about everybody but ourselves. If I was able to lose myself in an idealistic movement it was because, at a certain boundary, I compelled my thoughts to halt in their course. But that momentum of which I have spoken reasserted itself, became kinetic energy, carried me still further. I reached the last stage. I became incomprehensible to myself. The question recurred insistently: Why should I do the things I was doing? Why should I involve myself in difficulties, invite a certain degree of odium, and, to that extent, suffer for the sake of anything or anybody? Something was incomplete in my understanding of life. My life was a paradox, like that of men who have made a moral issue of life's amorality.

Chapter VII

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SCIENCE

The paradox is to be appreciated only in an understanding of the superstitions of science. The closer we regard some of the basic principles and some of the motives that urge the scientist on to greater and greater effort and sacrifice, the nearer we shall come to the fundamental dishonesty of his attitude.[1]

That science should become a religion to the ignorant masses is inevitable, but it is instructive. However, I also find among scores of writers, among thousands of intelligent modern persons, a characteristically religious attitude of mind toward science. "Science" has become a sort of spirit, its adepts have become in some sort medicine-men. It is a thing blindly and unintelligently worshiped, a spirit thing containing within itself the power to cure all the ills of man.

[1] I want it to be understood that I am not speaking of the scientist *qua* scientist. I am speaking of that concept of science which is explained in the preceding pages.

As the religious pietist believes that, submitting himself wholly, unreservedly to God, he will be saved, so in the new worship, the scientific pietist believes that if he submits wholly, unreservedly, to science, with the belief "Thou alone canst save," he will move consistently toward the ultimate elimination of all human troubles. There is the same exclusiveness and the same intolerance. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." There shall be no whoring with false gods, religious and philosophic ideals lurking in the groves of the emotions.

This god is not only absolute, but also universal. He leads *all* men to salvation, and in his eyes all men are equal, irrespective of birth, color, race. He makes no distinction between rich and poor, but extends his power and his beneficent promise to the lowliest and the highest. His is the way and the life. His law is eternal, and will never be changed. He fills all space. He extends into the minutest creations, and none the less governs the infinite universe. He demands devotion, as well as belief. We must study him not for personal gain, and not with intent to commercialize him, but

in absolute trust, without thought of self; for though he seem to destroy, he will ultimately save. His secrets will flee those who use him only to exploit his name for wealth. His true adepts love him for his own sake, and only through such true adepts will the world be redeemed.

He holds out the promise of immortality for man. And, in his light, children are pure, for the child is born uncorrupted by conditioning. Suffer little children to come unto him.

Not only are all men equal, but they are sprung from one source. All men are brothers.

I could extend this list until it would read like a transcript of the best tenets of a great religion. But these details alone are part of the general attitude, the prostration, the passion, the selfless devotion of believers, the infinite faith, the intolerance, the hope. And in the name of this belief scientists go on laboring for the benefit of mankind. They will achieve their end, however, only when *all* men have been converted to the true faith—a characteristic premise of all great religions.

It will be objected that I have no right to call

these the "superstitions" of science, for they are largely demonstrable truths. But granting this —which is more than scientists would really claim—the outstanding fact remains that there is nothing whatsoever in science itself, in the study of the mechanics of phenomena, which should inspire a man to either passion or sacrifice—and there is plenty of both in the scientist. The fierce morality of scientists has nothing to do with their science. It has to do with something acquired in their helpless and susceptible childhood. *Morality is a dishonesty in the field of science.*

The very assumption that truth is good for us is itself a superstition, in that it is not based on investigation and logical deduction, but is inspired in us by the teaching of very ignorant and very unscientific persons, is woven into our consciousness before we have the independence to examine it. So much was my own experience, and I cannot believe that the experience of others is materially different. When, in the study of astronomy, I found myself driven completely from the idea of a human morality, I found myself pulled back to it by what I had learned from

the world around me—not from the scientists. In science itself I found nothing, but the gross and stupid world had given me this fundamental relation to life. I used it, and joyed in it; it justified my scientific work. But it had nothing to do with science. Worse, it was a defection from science, a contradiction of its principles.

I was a parasite, dependent for the most precious part of me, for the source of my greatest inspiration, on a world which was all wrong, which came by its beliefs without the use of the pure intelligence which I exalted.

My case was not exceptional. The irrelevant moral posturings of scientists are drawn from the same source. In so far as scientists are moral, they are so by virtue of an early conditioning which their pure intelligence rejects. Some of them, perhaps, have the honesty to admit this to themselves, though very few of them have the honesty to proclaim it. And if they lack this honesty, it is not the fear of society which restrains them, but the fear of the thing itself. They are no more willing than I was to live without a morality. Their simple and ignorant parents had abused their helpless

childhood by instilling into them, like a poison, the thing they needed most to live by.

In this essential, then, I have found science impotent. In another essential, which together with the first makes up all that I live by as a human being, I found science equally impotent, and the ignorant and unscientific world correspondingly potent.

. . . . . .

I permit myself again to add a more personal note here. This brief record of the evolution of my faith covers chiefly the impersonal essentials of it. Those who have passed through the same struggle, or are still in the midst of it, will know that not so easily do we reach reconciliation with the inconsistencies of life. Conditioned as we are to live in morality, unable—for the most part—to shake ourselves free from its compulsion, we tremble at our inability to justify ourselves in our own sight. When life is first revealed to us under the dread aspect of its mechanical laws, when the void first opens under us, and we find ourselves suspended in its midst, we draw back like children, and hunger again for the shelter of ignorance. The

worship of the truth survives the exposure longest, but in the absolute zero of space this too dies. The laws of science appeal to us at first as the ultimate form of reason, but when we subject ourselves to them, we discover that reason itself has no existence, and the final madness is this idiot logical perfection. To waver between this cosmos-chaos and the warm shelter of human, superstitious values is the keenest torture. Some emerge with a hatred and contempt for the system which first unsettled their comfort—with a raging denial of the significance of science. Others, a minority, build up a half-cynical acceptance of both worlds. A few become frankly unsettled, and pushing the scientific aspect of life to its proper extreme, loose themselves finally from the bondage of irrelevant childhood experience. The majority escape by not thinking closely. None of these solutions would do—at least, would not do for me. There was a balance to be struck if life was to be intellectually livable. I saw superstition and science as twin powers, equally potent for good and evil. I suffered the extreme of both until I decided what was to be permitted to each if I was to live.

Chapter VIII

PROBLEMS AND MYSTERIES

A problem is a question which we believe can be answered by the application of human intelligence and an extension of the knowledge which we already possess. A mystery is a question which is in its essence unanswerable.

It is the business of science to assert that there are no mysteries. There are only problems. And at one time I, too, believed that there was nothing mysterious about the universe. Many a problem had hitherto been considered a mystery, and had been revealed as only a problem. It was our duty to approach every question which confronted us as though it were a problem, needing for its solution only an extension of the information which we already possessed. To regard anything as in its nature a mystery was to abdicate our intelligence.

This belief of mine was shaken when I began to understand that the things I live by as a

human being had nothing to do with science or, rather, with the scientific attitude; nay, worse, that their birth and perpetuation called for a code of behavior which contradicted my own conception of scientific law. My absolute faith once shaken, I found the courage to question the omnipotence of the scientific method, and I came to the conclusion that although many mysteries had been shown up as only problems, there were aspects of life which presented themselves to the intelligence as mysteries in an absolute sense.

The closer I looked, the more evident it became to me that statements which I had eagerly accepted as partial solutions of essential mysteries, or at least as advances in the direction of solution, were, in that regard, quite meaningless; to put it simply, these scientific statements gave me some new information, and the new information hypnotized me for a time; but when I returned to a normal waking state I saw that the mystery was as complete as before. The new information was welcome, was interesting, in many regards valuable. But in the sense that science was slowly lifting the veil from ul-

timate secrets, it was irrelevant and devoid of meaning.

The illustration I offer first—the mystery of matter—has special point for me because for some years I took courses under the man whose merited fame has been earned in this field—Sir Ernest Rutherford, then of Manchester. My own work was elementary, and, knowing my limitations, I never even aspired to join the group of scientists, some of whom have become famous in their own right, who were working with him. But I was fascinated, then and for some time after, by the awesome prospect of an answer to this ancient enigma.

That the answer would sooner or later be forthcoming I could not doubt. "Of course," I said, "matter will remain a mystery as long as men merely speculate about it. But let them begin to examine it sensibly, systematically (as Rutherford and Niels Bohr and Moseley were doing, among others, as others had done before them), and the mystery will vanish."

Through decades of research, matter was pursued to its innermost lairs. There were not four elements, but some ninety. And the elements

were composed of atoms. And the atoms were resolved into systems of electrical charges, protons positively charged and electrons negatively charged. What an electron or a proton is, what an electrical charge is, no one knows, no one pretends to know. To say that an atom is a system of tensions in the ether revolving round a nucleus is to make fantastic and impossible demands on the imagination.[1] To "know," in science, is to replace one mystery with another, in an advance which is no advance because the chain stretches to infinity.

If at least the words "electron," "system of tensions," were tolerably intelligible! If they contained any glimmer of meaning! But they are words[2] only, jumbles of letters. And if,

[1] I want to repeat, even with "damnable iteration," that this is not intended in derogation of the value of scientific research in its own field. I know that these definitions of matter are intended merely as *"als ob"* definitions, formulations of laws, or, better still, of systems, in accordance with which matter behaves; they are not literal, or graphic or meaningful definitions. Scientific work as such cannot but command respect; the dishonesty (not necessarily emanating from the true scientist himself) lies in lifting the scientific method into the teleological field, more exactly in denying validity to anything but the laboratory outlook when we deal with life's questions.

[2] The stupefying power of the word is not the least interesting of human mysteries. In the face of an enigma, a word has infinite power to comfort. The phenomenon is best observed in children; when they are puzzled by the identity of

with regard to that essential of "meaning," science can only replace one word by another, what justification is there for the assertion that in the light of science there are no mysteries?

The longer I pondered on life as a problem, the thicker did mystery after mystery crowd in on me; not problem after problem, but question after question containing within itself the automatic self-limitation which precluded the possibility of an answer.

Let me offer a simple illustration of the meaning of that *automatic self-limitation within a problem* which constitutes a mystery.

When I first came into contact with the idea of time as a fourth dimension, and space as a four-dimension continuum, I looked for analogies to make the concept intelligible to me. I found a helpful hint in the fact that time can be magnified just like space. The slow-motion camera acts on time just as the convex lens does on space. It magnifies time, just as the quick-motion camera contracts it. The parallel extends

an object, a word they have never heard before is enough to silence their curiosity. Given a name, the object seems to lose its mystery. But adults are much the same as children in this respect. Is it any wonder that names and words should play so large a part in magic?

along several aspects. A lens does not *magnify* space, does not even magnify matter. It only magnifies the image of matter. To be still more exact, the lens does not even *magnify* an image. It only disposes the rays in such a fashion that the eye is theoretically brought very close to the object, much closer than it can be brought nakedly. (The naked eye cannot be brought nearer to an object than a certain minimum distance; if it is brought closer, no focus can be established—the rays striking the eye are too divergent to be refocused on the retina by the cornea; but if, by the interposition of a lens, these rays are brought nearer to the parallel, they can again be handled by the cornea.)

In the same way, the slow-motion camera does not magnify time, and does not even magnify the image of time. It only disposes the changes wherethrough we are conscious of the passage of time in such a fashion that they are brought within the range of perception. As we perceive the extension of space by the interval between objects or points of an object, so we perceive the extension of time by the interval between events.

To put it another way: The reason that we

cannot see things which are very small is that the retina (or the entire visual system) is too coarse to transmit them to our perception. If the entire visual system were of infinitely smooth texture, we should perceive infinitesimal images (granting a like "smoothness," naturally, to the whole mind). Similarly, the reason that we cannot perceive time-intervals (or successions of events) which are too close to each other is that the texture of our consciousness is too coarse. In the case of the microscope or telescope, we interpose lenses which make the objects subtend a larger angle in space. In the case of the slow-motion camera, we interpose an apparatus which makes the event, or rather the "image" of the event, subtend a larger angle of time.

We thus photograph time as we photograph objects.

In this analogy, imperfect as it is, I found a comforting illustration of time as something which obeys the laws of spatial dimension.

But going further, I found something even more valuable, a glimpse into the marvelous limitation which guards all ultimate mysteries.

What is it that limits the microscope to the paltry magnifying power of a few thousand diameters? *Theoretically* we can construct a microscope to magnify an object one hundred million diameters; we may go beyond that—so many billion billion diameters that the constituent atoms of the object magnified shall be brought within the range of vision. Microscope could be, as it were, superimposed on microscope, until we should enter into the very fabric of matter. All other considerations apart, there is the instructive fact that the light which we use for perception refuses to go beyond a certain limit! The thing which reveals becomes the thing which hides! Beyond a certain limit the microscope and the telescope become useless (atmospheric "boiling" apart, in the case of the telescope). The amount of light coming from the object will not suffice to produce a distinct image when too small a portion of the surface is examined. It is this which prevents us from bringing the moon within several yards of our eyes.[3]

[3] Those who are familiar with the famous "lunar hoax" will remember how this unanswerable difficulty was met by an amusing piece of nonsense.

The same is true in the case of the slow-motion camera. Theoretically we could magnify time a millionfold. But the swifter the camera moves, the less exposure each film gets. Beyond a certain point there is not exposure enough to produce an image. And however sensitive we make the plate, it still needs *some* time for the production of the image. As we cannot magnify space indefinitely, so we cannot magnify time indefinitely. And in both cases the instrument which reveals is the instrument which hides.

Here is a perfect case of mystery as opposed to problem.[4]

I offer an illustration from another field: It is a general phenomenon of biology that the increase of intelligence is roughly inverse to the decrease of vitality and fecundity. The lower the species in the biologic scale, the more certain is its hold on life. (I am aware that there seems to be an answer in the fact that the saurians died

[4] Single atoms have, of course, been "seen"—by inference; ions have been seen in the same way by the water which condenses round them; but the illustration of the self-limitation of the microscope remains valid in itself.

and man lives. The answer is a curious one, and reminds me of the individual who urged a certain medical panacea on a reluctant customer. Being told, "Our ancestors didn't need it," he answered triumphantly, "Yes, and look where they are now!" If it will be proved that man will live longer than the saurians did, such an answer would be relevant.) Similarly, the lower in the biologic scale, the more fertile the species.

The law extends into other fields. Civilizations seem automatically limited in their development. The higher the plane, the less vitality has the civilization. The keener the intellect of the individual, the greater the reluctance to bear with the brutalities of life. Men and women of fine sensibility are reluctant (unable?) to make themselves responsible for the perpetuation of the species. Life only seems to move toward sufficient intelligence to revolt against itself. By the time we think we are prepared to turn the corner, to solve the problem, we cease to exist. It is as though Nature were trying to get round herself, and only succeeded in turning round.

Here is a mystery, not a problem, a question which contains within its very formulation the condition which makes it insoluble.

These are illustrations, and others could be adduced. But no series of illustrations can suffice to convey the feeling of frustration, of intellectual stalemate, which came over me when I tried to forswear all philosophy, and refused to regard life and the universe as anything but a series of problems which could be made equally intelligible to all human beings. There were elements in the human mind which refused to be abjured by this rigid exclusion, and I returned perforce to a sort of mysticism imposed on me by an excess of literalness. You do not destroy a mystery by refusing to look at it. "I shall consider that consciousness does not exist." That is an intelligible method. "Consciousness does not exist." That statement, like the quoted definition of matter, may be true, but it is meaningless.

The man who believes that life consists only of problems is the only true atheist.

Chapter IX

SPRINGS OF CREATION

But I perceived that the things I lived by included more than a morality. There was art in many forms, and that relation to life which I may call the artistic perception of it. Both morality and art were beyond the province of science; more than that, I must repeat, they flourished only because men were able to ignore everything that science insisted was sacred.

The behaviorist who denies the existence of the mind, that is, the objective validity of introspection, himself finds life livable only because he is able to ignore his own conclusions. He waxes sarcastic on the subject of consciousness. He exerts psychic pressure by becoming enthusiastic. He derives enjoyment from praise and is enraged by ridicule—all this not because he knows anything about the glandular, neural, chemical, electrical changes which accompany these phenomena, or *are* these phenomena; but

simply because life has to be lived on the human plane. In brief, the behaviorist behaves as though there were no such thing as behaviorism.

Of course the behaviorist takes exception to this statement. He calls the words, sarcastic or affectionate, which he addresses to his audience, "verbal manipulation,"[1] a sort of auricular massage. It is a charming piece of casuistry; still, I can only see that if there is any unconsciousness, it relates rather to those chemical and other processes which theoretically form the sole world of the behaviorist.

Equally paradoxical is the fact that scientists have not even the excuse of having abstracted themselves from the most elementary of our psychic barbarisms. Scientists are neither loftier nor baser in their relationship to life than are philosophers. Socrates was a hero, but Bacon was shady. Darwin was a saint, but who can read without amusement of the squabble between English and French astronomers concerning the claims of Adams and Leverrier in the matter of the calculation of the location of Neptune? It is recorded somewhere that when Mendeleyev

[1] Professor Watson's own phrase, I think.

first submitted his tables to the Royal Society one scientist asked him, with savage suavity, whether he had ever attempted to arrange the elements in alphabetical order!

If this argument, addressed as it is to the misfortunes that even scientists are heir to, is unfair, let us look at the problem more abstractly. Let us take the case of a musician who is also a physicist. Albert Einstein is almost as fond of his piano and his fiddle as he is of his theory. No one knows better, presumably, than Professor Einstein, that what we call music is the impact on the ear (with corresponding internal reactions) of sound-waves of certain frequency, certain volume, and certain additions of overtone. But supposing Professor Einstein were one day to be seized with the desire to produce a sentimental sonata! It is open to him to analyze the vibration complexes of all sonatas in existence, investigating that characteristic in them which corresponds to what we call sentimentality, and then, from the data obtained, to turn out sentimental sonatas by the score. The fact is, however, that no sonata so produced would satisfy him. Least satisfactory would be

the method. The only recourse he has is to feel a gentle melancholy and then to let his psychic illusions take control.

The illustration (not a new one, of course) is fairly apt, because of all the arts, none is perhaps so simple in its material as music. We know all the elements entering into the formation of a given tone. We know a great deal concerning the ratios which constitute a pleasing harmony. Yet no scientist in his right senses would ever dream of undertaking the production of a simple folk melody.

The behaviorist answer is simple: "Lack of data. We know something, but not enough. When we know enough, we will be able to do it." But until then? Why, we shall continue to have recourse to our emotions for the production of melodies, and, since the emotions are dangerous things, we shall have to pay the price in the human maladjustments for which these primitive things are responsible.

Here again is a locked circle. If music, painting, architecture, drama can be purchased only by the cultivation of the emotions (among other things), and if the emotions are the source of

our troubles—and artists are the most emotional and troublesome of human beings—is it better to discourage the arts, and to concentrate on literalities, or shall we make up our minds to pay the price? The question is rather childish and calls for no answer—not even from the behaviorist.

But though the question in this form is childish, it was, for me, the simplification of the whole struggle through which I passed. For here again I was brought face to face with a mystery. Why was it that the pursuit of truth, which impelled me irresistibly to investigate and to accept the mechanics of things (and science is truth itself), why was it that truth finally led me to a point where truth would no longer serve me? Why did reason, which enabled me to live, bring me to the verge of death?

Chapter X

FORESTALLING THE CREATOR

Believing, as I did, that the salvation of mankind would be found only in science, I tried to formulate roughly the method which should be substituted for our ancient philosophic or ethical approach to our commonest problems. I said: "The problems of rich and poor, of wars between races, of man and wife, will be solved only when we will learn to treat these as we have learned to treat other problems which we have already solved—the problems of diphtheria, of autolocomotion, of the weight and constitution of the sun. If we had tried, by literary, philosophic, and emotional methods, to determine the causes of cholera, we should still be subject to the devastating plagues which have been as ruinous for humanity as its wars. Let us, therefore, treat these so-called spiritual problems as we have treated others—by the investigation of

literal fact, by classification, by the deduction of their laws."

At that time George Bernard Shaw had not written his *Back to Methuselah,* but I believe that his apotheosis of humanity represents fairly my dreams of that time. If I analyze the fundamental absurdities of his thesis, I shall disclose why, in the end, the scientific dream dissolved for me in the light of a bitter understanding of life's methods and limitations.

In the body of the play, and particularly in the preface, Shaw ascribes many of the evils of life to what seems to be its greatest evil—its brevity. He points out, correctly, that just about when a man has reached the age of intelligence, death carries him off. If the life of the individual could be stretched to several centuries, a man would have the time to make the most of the wisdom which he acquires toward the fifth and sixth decades. He points in particular to some amusing illustrations: a man who marries in haste for the remainder of a brief life of seventy years will be given pause before he takes "this woman" for a couple of centuries or more.

Unfortunately, such is the nature of life that a human being (assuming for the moment that he will be such) with a life-span of three centuries will in all probability not feel life to be longer than does a man with the psalmist's three-score years and ten before him. It has been beautifully said that nothing seems longer than life to him who is about to begin it, nothing shorter than life to him who is about to end it. In beginning to study the theory of relativity, we must first learn that the sense of duration of time is a subtle quantity. If the "flowing of time" were suddenly accelerated throughout all the observable universe, with a corresponding acceleration in all the instruments of our consciousness, we should not be aware of it. It can also be argued, of course, that the perception of time is only a function of relative velocities, which would make the foregoing meaningless. In the same way, if time were to beat in pulses of irregular velocity (perhaps it does), we should know nothing about it. Apart from this rather technical consideration, it is possible that the pulse of consciousness, that which determines for a living thing whether time passes "slowly" or

"rapidly," varies with the construction. The insect which lives only an hour may have such a rapid time-pulse, that is to say, its biologic processes may be so quick, that its perception of time is microscopic, with the final effect that it lives a life as "full of time" as we do. And indeed, we do observe in many lower forms of life such a rapid pulse, or such a rapid metabolism, that objectively we can say they live much longer, in their world, than we do in ours. It will therefore come to pass, in all likelihood, that when "human beings" live three centuries, they will not be conscious of any gain in time.

Not these considerations alone, however, point to the essential mystery with which we have to deal. With a life of three hundred years, it is more than likely that a third of this time will be occupied by the development of the individual to maturity. And looking at the matter quite humanly, the man with three centuries in front of him will probably regard the wasting of a few decades as something quite immaterial, and the petty losses which prevent us from reaping the full benefit of even our

seventy years will be repeated with corresponding increases in the case of the tricentenarian. I think that, after all, Dean Swift saw this thing more intelligently than Shaw does.

It is still open to the scientist to say that this locked circle presents itself to us because our intelligence is what it is; by *that* time we shall be so intelligent that vicious circles will resolve of themselves. But this is mysticism, not science. It is as mystical as "the system of tensions. . . ."

Of all dangerous human relationships, those between the sexes, I said in those days, stand most in need of scientific clarification. To this field, where it is most needed, rationalism has least access. I do not argue that scientists are such fools as to ignore entirely the emotional element in love. But I submit that such is the nature of the question that it contains within itself the final defiance to common sense.

Much has been written about the stupidity of the system of marriage as it is entrenched in the western world—to take only part of the problem. Marriage, even when mitigated by reasonably easy divorce, is outrageously un-

intelligent. It binds a man to a woman long after the primal attraction needed for procreation has become enfeebled or completely atrophied. There is something hideous about an enforced propinquity which reduces the sexual act to something like masturbation. The home as we know it produces an inequality in status not warranted by the relative abilities and characters of the contracting parties. The spiritual effect on the man and the woman (less on the man, because he is less restricted than the woman) is excellently reflected both in popular jokes and in serious treatises.

The scientific student of the problem, abstracting himself from the superstitious philosophies which have sprung up to rationalize our stupidities, coldly examines what he regards as the essentials of the question. *Is* marriage a "sacred" institution? *Is* it an essential part of a healthy society? *Must* the child be brought up in a home atmosphere—or would it not thrive better under the care of the state? *Are* men and women monogamous by instinct, or are they partially so—if at all—by conditioning, or education? The answer to these questions will be

found not in philosophy, but in a study of the history of marriage, and to a greater extent in a study of biology. Bound up with these is, of course, an enormous complex of related problems, but all of them will yield their secret only to the cool, scientific investigator.

Behind all this is the assumption that life is a puzzle which intelligence can piece together. But the assumption is stupid. The characteristic of love is its irrationality, and from this irrationality spring its essential evils. A man in love is a man temporarily bereft of his intelligence. But the man who asks him to use his intelligence under the circumstances is equally bereft of his. There is no "rational" reason in the world why Tom should fall in love with Mary, while Dick, who is of the same stuff as Tom, falls in love with Jane, who is of the same stuff as Mary.[1] There is no *rational* reason in the world why Tom should thrill at the touch

[1] Ignoring for the moment the conditioning elements which predispose us to respond to irrelevant stimuli—associations with the first neurotic responses—presumably a completely psychoanalyzed person should be quite incapable of falling in love. Perceiving the origins of all his emotional reactions, he would also perceive that in reality there's nothing to get excited about over any woman.

of Mary's hand. In fact, if he were to touch Jane's hand in the dark, under the impression that it is Mary's, he would get exactly the same thrill. We talk of different ideals of beauty, but to one hundred men out of every hundred, ninety-nine women out of every hundred are equally unbeautiful; yet each one of the hundred men has fallen in love with one of the hundred women. During the period of love the man perjures himself to all eternity, for he swears to love the woman forever, and cannot. The still small voice of reason tells him he cannot; yet the mastery of love tells him he can —and he believes it. What man truly in love ever doubted for a moment that he would love this woman forever?

The solution of the scientist should be (some "scientists" have suggested it) that men should marry rationally, take mates intelligently, rather than under the stress of emotion. Others than scientists have also suggested it. But such admonitions can be addressed only to those who are not in love. The man in love insists on marrying the woman, and if he despises the marriage ceremony, it is not because he shrinks from

the contract, but because the formality strikes him as impious.

Let us then (to reduce the argument to absurdity) so educate our youth as to be incapable of falling in love. The remedy need only be mentioned to be rejected. Let us, then, attempt to rationalize love, so that men and women in love shall at least have the self-control to refrain from those absurd commitments which ruin their lives. What man in his senses will entertain this proposal seriously?

"Let us, then, as a last resort, invalidate the commitments made in the grip of this passing madness." They *cannot* be invalidated, for these commitments relate not only to the children who are born—the state can care for these—but to the emotional complexes which are set up, to the sense of indecency which haunts every man who sees his most passionate promises invalidated by the changes in himself, and his holiest vows (made not only to the woman, but to heaven and earth and the stars) become as false as dicers' oaths.

True, the man does not become purer by clinging to the woman after he has ceased to

love her; but this is the minor part of the problem. The greatest evil inherent in love is that it makes liars of us all, and that the periods of growth and decay of love never coincide in the man and the woman. And behind all this stands the unchangeable law that love is as much a part of sexual life, and therefore of reproduction, as mood is of musical composition. It is only the man without an ear for music who will believe that sonatas can be scientifically constructed. It is only the man who has never loved (or who has forgotten what it meant to his intelligence) who will suggest that sexual life can be purged of its attendant illusions.

The illusions, the irrationality, the evils born of these, are part of it all. This is a mystery, not a problem.

As in art itself, so in the art of life, how far did science bring me forward? Not a single step. There is neither life nor love, nor singing nor beauty, unless we are prepared to live irrationally. The secret of this side of creation seems to be locked forever, and there is no forestalling of God. It is blasphemy (that is, presumption) to believe otherwise.

Chapter XI

THE SCHOOLMASTER IDEALIST

If the foregoing chapters contain much that is elementary and obvious, I must explain that I thought it well to trace the evolution of my faith through all its phases. But it is only just to add that these truisms, which it seems superfluous to reiterate, appear to have been forgotten by the schoolmaster idealist who has won such a high place for himself among the intelligent of our generation. It was necessary to rehearse all this in order to clear the ground for a proper approach to the larger problems in which he dominates.

I call him the schoolmaster idealist who believes that everything can be done by teaching, by the use of the intelligence. He sees life as something which can be controlled, even in its creative aspect, and he attributes life's maladjustments solely to the curable stupidity of man.

Every point of view held by human beings

has a tendency to justify itself. As the optimist and the pessimist create each his own vindication, so does every philosophy of life pull humanity in its own direction. Sometimes the balance of triumph of two opposing philosophies depends only on the relative persuasiveness of their respective proponents.

For some time before the outbreak of the World War, I was associated with the English group of pacifists which formed around Norman Angell. I felt then that the question of war and peace could be resolved into a race between pacifists and militarists. If the pacifists could convince the people that war was unnecessary, there would be no war. If the militarists could convince the people that war was inevitable, there would be war. The question of the inevitability of war did not (I thought) reside in the nature of things, but solely in the views which people accepted. My hatred of militarists was therefore the more extravagant because I believed that they alone would be responsible for the war which they declared to be beyond their own or any one else's control.

Similarly, I believed that the protagonists of racial differences were responsible for the perpetuation of these differences. If only the intelligent people of the world would exert themselves to teach the universalist ideal, racial separatisms would disappear. And my resentment against the protagonists of racial separatism took a keener edge from my belief that they alone were responsible for the perpetuation of an evil which they hypocritically declared was beyond their control.

The views which I then held in this regard are typical of the schoolmaster idealist, for I did not understand that the creative processes of life cannot be regimented, and that, though many problems will be solved, there are mysteries inherent in all creation.

The contention of the schoolmaster idealist derives its strength from its plausibility and its occasional aptitude. The man who sets out to hate his neighbor will before long find his hatred justified. The Jews, who for centuries were prevented by hatred from participating in "productive" labor, ultimately "justify" that hatred by becoming disproportionately mercantile.

(Curiously, however, this reproach, which might come with some grace from a socialist, is most frequently made by individuals who believe that the merchant plays a productive rôle as distributor in the capitalist form of society.)

I branded as hypocrites the men who said that war was inevitable and who pretended to mourn the fact. I said that the men who deplored racial separatism and yet declared it to be a part of life were liars. They wanted war; they wanted racial separatism; and they were creating, by their hypocritical assertions, the conditions which would both give them the things they wanted and yet justify them in their own eyes.

My accusations were in part unjust. Few men consciously desire racial separatism. Still fewer dare admit even to themselves that there is a glorious thrill in the prospect of war. Even such a man as Mussolini is an earnest pacifist, in consciousness, as he has frequently asserted. Unfortunately, Mussolini desires both peace and domination, and the two desires are incompatible. And in this incompatibility I find the hint which discloses the true difficulty of the

problem. There may be two almost incompatible conditions bound up with the civilized life of men: the creation of groups (let us ignore the question of race for the moment), and the maintenance of peace.

How far is civilization a function of group-life? What does a group-life entail as a necessary condition of cultural fruitfulness? How far can this condition be reconciled with the universal outlook and with peace? Is it not possible that just as love and music are inevitably bound up with attendant passions and illusions (without which they cannot function), so the production of a culture is equally dependent on attendant passions and illusions?

I have now come very close to the heart of my subject and have formulated the question which, in various forms, was my most passionate preoccupation. On the one hand I saw the world as the universal heir of universal truths. The finest product of each race and country was made not for the group, but for all mankind. The thinkers and seers who have lived in tiny, obscure sections of the ancient world, in Greece and Judea, today belong to hundreds of millions

of human beings scattered over the whole globe, divided artificially among a score of languages. The Germans claim Shakespeare as their own, and Ibsen speaks to many a country besides his homeland. On the other hand I saw those agencies which had produced these universal values, the groups, in a perpetual state of war, active or suspended. Was it a primitive folly, then, which kept race divided from race, or was there bound up with this division an essential condition of the production even of universal truths? Was this a problem or a mystery?

Chapter XII

THE DEAD HAND

"But who," I shall be asked, "denies the general validity of your remarks? What scientist has ever pretended that he can control the source of art and love or direct the creative instinct in the manner you have described? You have set up a bogey of your own making, and assert that it is the offspring of science."

It is, however, my conviction that directly and indirectly, the intrusion of science into fields altogether alien to it is responsible for the attitude of most liberals and radicals toward the question of race and nation. It is the fashion (not new, but grotesquely intensified of late) to refer the problems of civilization to the laboratory, and to examine all the instruments of civilization in the light of biologic terminology. In all the popular and semipopular literature which purports to deal with the nature of man, the laws that govern his behavior, and hence all

his productions, spiritual and otherwise, we are taught to begin with the primal fact that man is an animal, and an animal is a mechanism, and the only permissible approach to the study of man is through his physical beginnings, his obvious relationship to all other forms of life, his subjection to the laws of chemistry and electricity—in brief, under the aspect which is outlined in the chapter, "What Is Man?"

Civilization becomes nothing more or less than a branch of biology, and the directives which we receive—and which are offered to us as the basis of our study of man—lie like a dead hand on the spiritual activities of this generation.

I take a single aspect of this method to illustrate my complaint. The physical or biologic history of man is rooted in an immeasurably remote past. We trace our construction and our physical behavior (there is no other behavior than the physical, says the scientist) to points of juncture with the history of every other form of life. Our relationship to the animal world becomes so intimate as to reduce our differences to insignificance.

It becomes a fact of dominating importance

that we are infinitely nearer to the rabbit than to the oyster. In construction, reaction, physical behavior, the rabbit resembles man infinitely more than it does the oyster. And yet, for me, as far as the essential human values are concerned, the rabbit is infinitely nearer to the oyster than to man.

In the library, in the theater, in the music-room, in the church, the rabbit and the oyster are one for us. And it is the library, the theater, the music-room, and the church which have to do with our human characteristics.

Life is hundreds of millions of years old; culture, perhaps, fifty thousand—at the outside, a hundred thousand. If we set the origin of life back five hundred million years and the origin of an appreciable culture fifty thousand years, we might say that life is a year old, and culture (that which we, as human beings, recognize as human culture) a little more than an hour old. All the instruments which the biologists examine (apart from the chemical and electrical laws, which are presumably "eternal") go back to the beginning of the year. And during the whole of the year there was nothing of what we

would distinguish as civilized culture, and there was little of it in the first forty minutes of this last hour. Then, suddenly, within the last ten or twenty minutes, there is a marvelous efflorescence of civilization. A dazzling radiance of beauty breaks into the drab monotone of life. Buildings, literatures, music, nations, gods, ideas infinitely fascinating, melodies of groups—all that makes life what it is to us—transform the face of the world. And instead of pondering over this miracle of the last ten minutes, the scientists bid us examine every minute of that meaningless year. Five million years ago we had no fingers or toes. Twenty million years ago there was no lymph. All of which is potently true—and, for the purposes of our cultural life, completely useless.

And if, in the laboratory, the rabbit becomes almost our brother, what shall we say of the similarity between man and man, between group and group? We are all identical, in every conceivable respect. *This* is the fact which dominates the mind of the modern liberal. And I assert that this fact (whether it be technically correct or not) has nothing whatsoever to do

with the question of civilization. He that attempts to build his cultural life on this foundation will never place the second brick on the first, for his hand will wither, and the world will be plunged into darkness for him. He will not hear the words of men but only an idiot babble, and everything which speaks from the newfound spirit of the world will be resolved again into the rustling of creatures which passed away a million years ago.

Chapter XIII

A SHAMED LONGING

There was being waged in me, at the time of which I speak, a war between an "irrational" desire and my instinct for "right" thinking. I was acutely ashamed of my longing to belong to some group not only in space, among the living, but in time, among the dead and the unborn. My shame was proportionate to my longing. This longing of mine I attributed (with technical accuracy, and yet irrelevantly) to the education through which I had evolved, but this intellectual liberation brought no relief to my emotions.

There was something creative in me which demanded to be linked with a past which had moved my progenitors. I wanted to feel at one with the motives and ideas which had moved my fathers, my forefathers. This passion was all the more absurd because, at that time, it was impossible for me to say that my fathers and forefathers had been moved by any consistent group of ideas and emotions. Perhaps there was no

past in that sense. Perhaps the forefathers with whom I sought this mental union were much more remote from me than were the ideas dominating the world in which I actually lived. I wanted to be a Jew, and could not even say whether being a Jew had any meaning in it.

I shall make clearer the acuteness of my struggle if I compare myself to a man who is irresistibly attracted to some woman in a longing for what he chooses to call spiritual as well as physical union. Unable to justify his passion, he is yet aware that in yielding to it he must permit himself to become the instrument of illusions which are revolting to his intellectual integrity. Knowing nothing of the true nature of this woman, he finds himself driven to exalt her above all others, and to insist, to his own torture, that there is "something" about her which distinguishes her from millions of her kind. He begins to feel life in terms of union with this woman, and conceives that his creative instincts in every direction wait upon this consummation. There have been men who would refuse to yield, who would rather crucify themselves than outrage their intellectual purity.

The parallel falls short in certain other implications. A rationalist falling in love believes at least that his sin affects no one but himself, the woman and the Holy Ghost. He stultifies himself; he misleads and spoils the woman and outrages the Holy Ghost. My instinct of love for my people was a sin against humanity; it was an invidious distinction hateful to the intelligence and opposed to the world's hope. To yield to it was disgusting enough in itself, but I was lending myself, in addition, to the perpetuation of the system of group divisions which is the curse of mankind. The cry against this defection came at once from the voice of reason and from the millions of the dead who have been sacrificed to the spirit of racial separatism. I had not even the excuse of propinquity. I was as familiar with gentile life as with Jewish. It was sin, pure, absolute, and perverse—the guilt unmitigated, it would seem, even by the extenuating circumstance of natural temptation.

I look back upon these struggles of mine and find them incredibly remote from life. They seem to have nothing to do with a world in motion, pouring onward through a thousand

tumultuous channels of self-expression. Men do not think of such things—they are of no importance; and much of this book must present itself to adult, creative minds as a quaint exercise in futilities, a rococo picture from a museum. And yet the struggle was not my own. It belongs to hundreds of thousands of young people. It belongs, in its acutest form, to the young, intellectual Jew. I saw myself, in those days, opposed to all that was fresh, generous, and creative in the unfolding world. Everything that was liberal and revolutionary testified against me, rebuked my demand for union with the Jewish people. I saw myself as an atavism and believed at moments that just this temperamental folly of mine made me unfit for participation in the fellowship of the new world.

The old was breaking down, compromised by countless generations of evil. The new was rising against it on every side, clean in its outlook, certain in its method, assured of triumph. And I, acknowledging in all sincerity the sovereign rightness of the new, was being pulled by an indecent instinct toward the old.

Chapter XIV

CRESCENT INTERNATIONALISM

Although I had liberated myself from the mechanistic bugaboo in its primitive form, I was by no means done with it. The elementary considerations which had shown me the absurdity of trying to live by mechanistic logic, as an individual, could not so directly be transferred to life as a whole. My second struggle—the one to which I alluded in the last chapter—rose from the indirect application of science to mass problems. The mechanistic study of man as the *Leitmotif* of an intelligent attitude seemed to have disappeared; actually, however, it remained as the permanent background of internationalism.

"I grant you," said the modern liberal, "that in scientific research there is no philosophic value. The essential mysteries remain, and will always remain. Nevertheless, you will have to admit that science, without preaching a lesson,

is exerting an unexpected influence on human thought, taking the citadels of localism and prejudice by *indirect* assault. There is, if you like, no philosophic implication in the invention of the telephone, the telegraph, the radio, and, in brief, in all the devices connected with electromagnetic phenomena. And yet their effect on human thought is profound. By destroying physical barriers, they destroy the mental limitations born of them. The purely local outlook is rapidly disappearing, and we find increasing numbers of men living and thinking internationally, humanly. Go to any number of large American and European cities, and see how the similarities of life are gradually overtaking the differences—the same hotels, the same newspapers, the same theaters, the same surface-cars, telephones, subways. You find, too, an increasing similarity of methods of education, political ideas, financial institutions, commercial devices, advertising schemes, literary revolutions, military equipment. You find even the internationalization of individual institutions. The trademarks of great firms are becoming familiar over the whole world, and with them go the methods

of their native countries. Walkover Shoes display the same sign in London, Paris, Manchester, New York. The Singer Sewing Machine looks at you from the windows of Warsaw, Vilna, Berlin. Sunlight Soap is, or was, as familiar to the German as to the Englishman. Michelin tires, American radiators, American tractors are known throughout the world. A 'schoolgirl complexion' advertisement looks at you from under the shadow of the Pyramids.

"In other fields, the same rapid internationalization, due to the same scientific discoveries. Salvation Army methods are the same whether they go under the name of *Heilsarmee* or *l'Armée du Salut*—the same type of music, the same type of social work. Christian Science sounds the same in all countries. Other influences, less institutionalized, are at work with equal effect. American dances and American music are known in the villages of Roumania. Charlie Chaplin, as "Charlot," is a favorite on the boulevards of Paris. Arabs on the Nile and boatmen in the Bay of Naples sing 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' Even types of jokes are international.

"And side by side with this stratification of

mankind in the general field, there goes on another stratification, equally indifferent to national and racial boundaries, in the economic field.[1] Despite their setbacks, the respective internationales of capitalism and labor grow stronger from generation to generation. These divisions of mankind, first economically, thence spiritually, give a new grouping to the human race. This revolution, if it is not new, owes its now decisive volume to the intervention of science. Great thinkers have always been an international heritage. But great thinkers were intelligible only to the few, who needed their internationalizing influence least. Today the very materials of life, in which the masses themselves have their roots, are becoming international. More important than the movies are the international meets, the Olympic games, made possible by modern methods of transportation.

[1] Thorstein Veblen might have added to his book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* a chapter on the economic determinism of jokes. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Warsaw, London, New York, Vilna, Cracow, Lemberg, I met in the local papers the same jokes (independently originated, I think) on the housing shortage—the insolence of the janitor, *concierge, Hauswechter,* or *Strusz,* the comical plight of young couples anxious to marry but unable to find an apartment, etc.

"I ignore the irregularities of this progress. I think in terms of centuries, not of decades. Let this great international ferment work itself out for two or three hundred years, and what will remain of your patriotisms, your group loyalties? What man with a sense of proportion, let alone of decency, can pit his primitive chauvinisms against this great, inexorable movement? The tides of life will sweep him away, and his vicious clamor will be drowned in the waves of the new, universal ideal."

The argument, put in this form, sounds unanswerable; but my indifference to it rose from the fact that I could not understand what it was driving at. What was the general ideal involved, the consummation to be worked for, even if it could not be realized in totality?

The liberal internationalist went on:

"We aim at the destruction of the sources of misunderstanding, those differences in group outlook which are due to provincialism. We aim to weave all life into a pattern which shall be universally intelligible. And here you have the second indirect effect of scientific study. The terminology of science, quite apart from its

philosophic effects, is universal; it is the one language which is dependent on pure intelligence alone—unidiomatic, direct. All the inventions which are becoming familiar to hundreds of millions of men and women in all countries, among all races, need the same language for their manipulation. The growing use of the sewing machine, the radio, the automobile,[2] the telephone, the typewriter, the electric iron, imposes on the users a universal attitude of mind and a

[2] When this book had been completed and had already been submitted to the publishers, I was commissioned to translate Count Hermann Keyserling's *The World in the Making* (Harcourt, Brace and Company). In that book I found a number of passages which, sometimes even verbally, closely resembled passages in mine. The growth of the universal world-type (called by Count Keyserling the ecumenic type) is dealt with in Chapter I of his book. He finds the symbol of that type in the chauffeur. These accidental resemblances were to me the more astonishing in that, in some fundamental respects, the two theses are contradictory. It is the contention of Count Keyserling, in part, that the growth of the world-type heralds the ultimate appearance of an ecumenic culture; as will be seen, mine is that an ecumenic culture is impossible, a contradiction in terms. But his description of the factors contributing to the growth of the ecumenic type, with its distinction between "transferable" and "untransferable" values, is extraordinarily illuminating. There is, again, something like complete agreement on the complete *Kulturlosigkeit* of at least the transitional type. There is further (implied) agreement on the thesis that it is the metaphysical which creates the physical; this side of Count Keyserling's work, which is bound up with his philosophy of individual *Vollendung* and the nature of freedom, is the *Leitmotif* of his mission. (There is a passage at the beginning of *The World in the Making* which deals with the significance of such coincidences as this footnote refers to.)

universal medium of expression. They give rise to the same affections, the same worries, the same delights. There is no power in the world which can combat this influence."

Chapter XV

A WORLD WITHOUT MOODS

Clearly, the triumph of this internationalist ideal implies that science must play the dominant rôle in human spiritual life; it must drown out the discords of local passions. The spiritual dominants which we are accustomed to associate with groups and peoples must disappear—the special character of each country and each subdivision in each country. The Russian peasant will sing the same ditties as the American lumberjack and the Cockney clerk. The moods (or mental modes) of groups, those instilled spiritual reactions which are so different from each other as to give rise to a race theory, must be wiped out.

We must go further. The poets and artists, those who are the focus of expression for each of these moods, must find vent for their impulses in the same, universally intelligible symbols. Should these protest that this cannot be done,

should they insist that they must use prejudices, passions, localisms, absurdities, fairy tales, fictions, or be silent, they will be told (by whom?) that they must remain silent. It is their duty to help break down the barriers between groups, not to strengthen them by directing the spiritual activities of men into narrow and unscientific channels.[1]

I really do not know how to make the foregoing sound less absurd than it does. I have done my best to state simply the ultimate forms of an ideal before which I once trembled and felt myself a renegade. I did more than tremble be-

[1] A living culture is inseparable from the civilization which gave it birth; the perpetuation of a culture is therefore, indirectly, the perpetuation of its relevant civilization. There is a natural instinct in all extreme revolutionaries to give the world a good fresh start by destroying or discrediting the culture of the past. H. G. Wells has an early book, *In the Days of the Comet,* in which this point of view is cogently put. I have heard suffragists decry Shakespeare because he gives appealing cultural form to a world in which the oppression of woman is tacitly accepted; I have heard communists do the same for similar reasons in the economic field. It is in reality an intelligible stand (intelligible, of course, from the point of view of pure logic—thoroughly unintelligible, and even ludicrous, for one who sees life's processes as a whole) against the bourgeois, masculine, capitalistic, religious, and nationalist content of all literature. In a revolutionary monthly published in New York I recently saw a quaint advertisement of "tales for the young calculated to educate them as conscious revolutionaries." In *The World in the Making* Count Keyserling speaks in a similar connection of Bolshevist hostility to the culture of the past.

fore it. I subscribed to it, and sought for every instrument by which it might be realized. I carried my respect to its proper extreme, and interested myself in the dissemination of it through its most appropriate symbol—Esperanto.

I am aware that the protagonists of Esperanto did not (and perhaps still do not) advocate the use of the language as a substitute for existing dialects. They admitted that this new lingua franca was meant only as a secondary medium, which could never replace the old ones. I must confess, however, that Esperantists always seemed to me to be actuated by a very naïve cunning. This admission of theirs was merely a subterfuge to enable them to drive the thin end of the wedge into transmitted prejudices. Once in, they trusted (with ill-dissembled and rather touching glee), to the force of the ideal. Esperanto deserves passing mention here as a perfect illustration of the vague and benevolent dreams of the schoolmaster idealist.

The outstanding characteristic of this language is its moodlessness or lack of character. That which enables us to say of Hebrew that it

is terse and vivid, of French that it is neat and graceful, of Yiddish that it is intimate and homely, was necessarily absent from Esperanto. With the proper impartiality Herr Zamenhof put together the vocabulary from nearly all the languages he knew. He simplified the grammar by discarding all that could be discarded of conjugation and declension. There were no irregular and defective verbs. Uneasily aware of a certain imperfection in the language, he attempted, very scientifically, to introduce playfulness and elasticity by the invention of diminutive and augmentative suffixes and prefixes. It was a magnificent and melancholy attempt. What intelligence could do, Zamenhof did; but the rest, which he could not do, represents all that there is in a language. He could not provide a world as the background and source of the language. He could not provide slang and obscenities. Perhaps obscenities have since been invented, with the same laborious care, but who could take delight in them?

The astonishing advantages of Esperanto even as a universal secondary language are too obvious to need recapitulation. In vain were

they offered to an acquiescent yet indifferent world. In vain was it pointed out that at the worst, Esperanto could not be more lifeless to the Esperantist than foreign languages generally are to the average linguist. Men would not, will not, learn the language, or, having learned it, will not retain it. The explanation for this distressing fact cannot be recapitulated here; it is implied in the whole of this book. One can hardly argue the case "logically"; one can only feel that there is always a suggestion of feeble-mindedness about the Esperanto enthusiast.

It is within the reach of possibility that Esperanto may ultimately succeed as a language. If a body of men and women cling to it long enough, through a number of generations, there may be born of the ideals which they cherish, of the ridicule or indifference which they encounter, a sort of culture which will give the language character. Esoteric terms, idioms, born of special common experiences, will gradually evolve. Out of the mouths of children and of illiterate Esperantists will spring a body of slang. Cradle-songs and fairy tales, legends and traditions, will be woven into the culture. There will emerge an

Esperanto people, or race, or group—and *then* Esperanto will be worth learning. By then it will be as difficult as any other language, and like most ideals which have achieved worldly success, it will have lost completely its original purpose and significance.

Chapter XVI

THE BULWARK OF REDEMPTION

In the days of which I am writing, and in the circles I lived in, acquired characteristics were positively not being transmitted. More recently, however, attention having been turned from the tails of rats to their capacity for threading mazes, a certain doubt is being entertained.

But the nontransmission of acquired characteristics was then, and for many still is, the bulwark of human redemption. The germ plasm was in itself incorruptible, and the most vicious conscious efforts of man to influence his progeny could begin only after birth, or, perhaps, after conception. "It's all in the germ plasm." It must be clear how important is this theory, for from it follows the inference that, education and prejudice notwithstanding, every embryo begins with a clean record. The child may inherit what the father has been born with (allowing for "sports"), but not what the father has been

taught. Every generation is therefore a new chance, Nature's offer of redemption.

Yet none of the popular expositions of the subject ever appeared even intelligible to me. I take a single instance, the famous attempt to determine whether right-handedness is inherited or merely acquired by successive generations. After examining large numbers of babies which were too young to have been influenced by conditioning, the experts announced that no difference could be detected between the right arms and the left. The right and left hands had the same grasping power, the arms the same holding power. The muscles were alike, the reactions were alike. Ergo, right-handedness, with its consequent superior development of the muscles of the right arm, was the result of conditioning.

At this "ergo" I have always stuck fast. It seemed to me that one might as well say that the capacity for the secretion of seminal fluid is also an "acquired" characteristic, inasmuch as in no baby can its presence be demonstrated. But we know that this instinct is inherited. In the baby, however, the structural formation which causes it lies dormant. It is so hidden that it

cannot be tested. This simple fact (generally admitted in parentheses—"some hitherto undetermined structural factor") invalidates the conclusion completely, for there are large numbers of reflex actions admittedly in this class. Of course I have not the remotest idea whether right-handedness is inherited or acquired, but I cannot permit the statement to pass unchallenged that there is any reason to believe that it is either the one or the other.

It would be difficult to estimate the rôle which the belief in the noninheritance of acquired characteristics played in the general philosophy of internationalism. If it could only be proved that a Jewish education, a Jewish way of thinking, as received by the parents, actually predisposed the unborn child toward similar psychic reactions, then the earth *was* being filled with distinct races. If it was believed that no amount of conditioning had any effect on the germ plasm, then nobody was ever born a Jew, or an Italian, or even a Chinaman. It was all an illusion.

The question was and is enormously complicated. Since scientists are not permitted to experiment to their heart's content, every baby

sooner or later passes under the influence of some normal group. By the time it is even a year old its instincts have been conditioned by a tremendous environmental complex. In the case of the grown man the attempt to sift the inherited from the acquired becomes hopeless. The question can then be argued back and forth until doomsday. It probably will be.

Yet I cannot see that this question, important though it may be, has any bearing at all on life's problems. I am prepared to grant for the sake of argument that not even the three or four thousand years of Jewish self-consciousness of identity has any influence on the instincts (overt or latent at birth) of the new-born Jewish child. Accepting this information, what can we do about it?

The obvious answer seems to be: "We can take advantage of it to combat the efforts of parents to prejudice the mental development of their children. We can prevent, or try to prevent, the continuation of the illusion that mankind is necessarily divided into races. We can move, however slowly, toward the practical application of the truth that Nature did not in-

vent Englishmen and Frenchmen, and never will."

Let us now see whether this ideal has any meaning for a civilized and cultured humanity; let us further see, even if we grant its practicability, whether it does not lead to a kind of earthly eschatology from which the mind of the normal man shrinks as from the ravings of a lunatic.

Chapter XVII

MECHANISM AND CULTURE

For the mechanist, as a mechanist, culture does not exist. For him there exists only technical civilization. The behaviorist refuses to have anything to do with psychic data, so called. Music consists of vibrations. Sadness (as we call it) consists of a lowered vitality, secretions in the tear glands, a slowing up of the pulse rate, and other physical reactions. But the basic relation between a sad melody and an impressionable or sentimental individual is still beyond the reach of physical investigation and will long remain so.

We take two men, who are subjected to the most minute laboratory tests, and are pronounced to be completely alike in all observable respects. Place before them the following four lines:

> O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering,

Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing?

One man states that on reading these lines he is aware of profound emotions, which he calls emotions of beauty. The other man says that the lines mean to him nothing more nor less than the following:

What is the matter with you, soldier,
That you have nobody with you and you are hanging around and looking pale,
Although the grass on the edge of the lake is all dried up
And the birds aren't singing any more? [1]

He is aware of no emotion. He simply perceives the meaning of the lines, and is inclined to ask, "Well, what about it?"

Both men are men of culture. Both have received a careful education. Both know that the poem is famous and is supposed to be beautiful.

I would ask the behaviorist: "What is the structural difference between the two men which

[1] This is how Esperanto poetry reads to me, but more so; it is also how French or German poetry reads to most people who have learned these languages artificially.

accounts for the assertion on the part of one that he is deeply moved by the lines, and the assertion on the part of the other that they do not move him at all?" The behaviorist will answer: "I do not know." He may be tempted to add: "Nevertheless, if both men had had *precisely* the same education, it is likely that they would both react in the same way. The difference in their reactions is due to difference in conditioning."

But the answer that matters is the first. He does not know, and perhaps will never know, what are the neural, glandular, and other structural peculiarities in a man which correspond to an affection for Keats and a horror of Edgar Guest. Hence for him (since he must deal only with that which he knows in the laboratory) there is no difference between Keats and Edgar Guest. He does not know what physical differences make one man (A) look with equanimity on a Gothic spire reared on a Greek substructure, while another (B) is made to sweat and swear by the same spectacle. He can only say the following:

"When the general arrangement of lines which

you call the Greek temple is reproduced on the retina of B, the complex reacts on a complicated nervous structure within him. This particular nervous structure is the result of early conditioning. The total effect is to cause a quickening of the pulse, a rapid flow of grandular secretions, etc. The same analysis holds true with regard to the complex of lines reproduced on the retina by the image of a Gothic church. Such, however, is the nervous structure of the man, that the complex of lines projected on the retina by a Greek substructure and a Gothic spire induces secretions of the sweat glands, a rush of blood to the face, violent and spasmodic emission of sounds, etc. In the case of A, however, this complicated nervous structure is absent."

Which is more than probably very true, but is no kind of an answer. The fundamental question is: Can the complicated nervous structure in B be reproduced in A *without resorting to the use of psychic methods?* More than that: Does the behaviorist believe that a day will come when, by methods totally physical, that is, by laboratory methods, we shall be able to make B write about the esthetics of the hybrid building

as affectionately as he does about the pure style?

The behaviorist, lapsing into humanism, will answer: "That question is extremely academic. The only way we know to teach men to react with manifestations of pleasure or displeasure to poetry, music, buildings, etc. is by conditioning them from early childhood. There must be instilled into them given prejudices inclining them toward this and that style. The pro-Gothic or pro-Greek serum will probably never be discovered."

In other words, to produce an appreciation of music, of art, of literature, of religion, we must subject the child to continuous conditioning, breeding certain irrational likes and dislikes. No child is born (according to the theory of the non-transmission of acquired characteristics) with a predisposition for Byzantine cupolas or Corinthian pillars. It may, or it may not, be so molded (that is to say, so defiled intellectually) as to like the one, or the other, or both, or neither. It may be conditioned to manifest delight in smooth, classic (to me tasteless) canvasses like those of David in the Louvre. And it may be conditioned to detest the rough, swift

(to me vital) paintings of Hodler. But an understanding of art, or a liking for it, is based fundamentally on the inculcation of "meaningless" prejudices. So meaningless are they that it is impossible to make a classicist understand what the impressionist is trying to do. There is no common denominator of intelligence between them. They are divided in this matter as effectively as if they had been born on different planets, or as if there had been two beginnings of life on this earth, and each was evolved by a different process. They are divided into passionate and mutually exclusive camps, by virtue of being cultured. And I cannot conceive a way of developing a love of cultural values which shall not entail these enmities.

Chapter XVIII

LIFE AND CULTURE

Again I am aware of the strange effect of remoteness which resides in this discussion—an effect of persistent irrelevance. And again I must explain that this argumentation, wan and academic, represents the foundation—often unseen—of a certain "life"-philosophy dear to the "scientific" intellectual. I have spoken of "culture" as though it were a thing apart, as though poetry, music, architecture were brilliant apparitions, born outside of earthly time and space, unlinked from the grossly actual. But culture is to daily life what thought is to the body. As the whole body thinks (not a nerve, an organ, a need, unrepresented in the mysterious total of consciousness), so life—the life of a time and place— gathers itself together to appear, to utter itself. And as the consciousness of a man, reflex of his physical completeness, is yet not to be resolved into physical terms, but puts on a nature of its own, so a culture, grounded in the daily

life of a group, its surroundings, climate, wars, presents itself under an aspect unintelligible to its brute beginnings.

To talk of Gothic spires, of Greek temples, is to take the extreme, finished utterance. The contrast between them is too acute to be ignored, but equally acute is the contrast between the mass-cultures that each proclaimed. Culture is not a matter of books and canvases, temples and songs; these are only images in true focus. Culture itself is the continuous expression of a spiritual hunger felt, in varying degrees, by a mass of human beings.

The origin of that hunger eludes our understanding, but we know that no human being is alien to its pangs. In the majority of human beings, we say, these pangs are satisfied with the crudest, tawdriest material. Yet the mass produces a startling effect. Some one has said that a million fools are not wiser than one fool, and there is something appealing in the epigram. But a million fools build up a city, and a million crudities begin to weave a fascinating pattern which no individual intended—and from which the wisest cannot escape.

That pattern has a style; *is* a style, a culture. It lives. It weaves itself continuously, always with a strange consistency, in spite of incomprehensible flaws and revolutions. Within that particular style the individual learns to express himself. Not his words alone, but the complex of his reactions, fits into the pattern of his time and place. Though he has things of eternal and universal import to say, he can say them only in the medium of his surroundings. *And the aptitude of expression, the force with which these eternal truths are brought home, depend, paradoxically enough, on the intimacy of their association with the limitations of time and place.*

To speak of the language alone. A language is not a scientific instrument of expression, evolved logically to meet the free intellectual and emotional needs of the individual. A language is in reality a living compendium of all the past experience of a group. In its words and forms, its peculiarities, its provocative intimacies, lie imbedded the experiences of millions. A language is the only true history of a people, for, giving only their due share of attention to

those elements which have captured the imagination of historians—the adventures of kings and courts and parliaments—it gathers up all the life of all the past ages, the life of the soil, of the family, of the village, of the mobs, and presents them in the daily terminology of all the life of the present. And the strength of a language, its very fitness to catch and hold all eternal truths, lies in its fidelity to these limitations.

In the American-English language speak the Berserker, the Saxon shepherd, the Roman ecclesiastic, the Franco-Norman courtier, the guilds, the merchants, the apprentices, the housewives, the political rebels, the Puritans, and, on top of these, the heroes of the American revolution, the pioneers, the Indians, the contemporaries of the Civil War, the politician, the negro, the industrialist, the jazz artist. It is useless to protest, as many liberals do, against the narrowing effect which the stress laid on American history (to the exclusion of world history) produces on the minds of children. *Children acquire the history of their people, beyond all forgetting, in the language of the home and the street.*

But the influence of a culture goes deeper than the language, and the instruments of self-expression of the artist (or of the artistic impulse in all men) are living forms which, no more than the language, can be separated from the time and place. The culture of America is its sports and games, gum- and tobacco-chewing, its astounding crime waves, its immediate memories of the opening of the West, the traditions of Buffalo Bill and the bad men of the frontier, its wild exuberance of energy born of its unbounded physical wealth, its passion for extremes. Who knows the origin of all these forms? Is the fierce impulse to work, to produce, to externalize the individual in vast achievements, related to the Puritanism which represses America in one direction? [1] Is the cult of chewing-gum a form of sexual relief? Is the conservatism of America part of the defence mechanism of the successful rebel—the terror that, the path of secession having once been followed successfully, it might serve as a precedent? Is the rage of "bigger and better"—possible only in this land where

[1] As Waldo Frank suggests, in *Our America*. The apparent connection between Puritanism and industrial-commercial vigor has frequently been pointed out.

expansion has not yet ceased—the taunting reply to the gibes of the more intellectual Old World?

Whatever be the mechanical causes and origins of this American complex, we know that the individual lost[2] in this complex is foredoomed to be an American just as surely as if he had been born with a predisposition in this direction. We are told by anthropologists that the facial expression (among other things) of individuals is molded by the language they learn from childhood, and is one of the factors in producing the suggestion of racial types. The continuous grouping of muscles for the production of limited and particular groups of sounds leaves a permanent and ineradicable effect. It is for this reason that adults cannot learn to speak foreign languages without an accent which betrays their native tongue. If this be true—and it is more than plausible—what is the total effect produced on the mentality of the individual by

[2] I call attention to the crucial word, "lost." That an individual shall be lost entirely in his surroundings, in this special sense, it is essential either that he be indifferent to his racial or family history, or that this history shall coincide with the general history of the surrounding group. The struggle between the power of environment and the longing for cultural blood-continuity was dealt with in the first chapters of this book, and will be dealt with further on.

the continuous approximation of his thoughts to the forms intelligible to all around him? It is not the muscles of the throat and face alone that become set. It is the mind, the *Gedankengang*. We are told that even thought is merely silent speech. A man can think, therefore, only in the terms of his education.

But not language alone is the instrument of self-expression. The untranslatable idioms of languages (their most precious possession) are paralleled by the untranslatable idioms of a particular life. The surroundings of the American provoke his particular thoughts; and his artistic utterance, in all fields, will use the material of his American life. "To think like an American," therefore, means something very specific and fundamental, the protestations of the internationalist to the contrary notwithstanding. Nay, the internationalist himself will be the product of his time and place. He will be an American rebel, a Russian rebel (Debs and Tolstoi are as different in their self-expression as the worlds they lived in and struggled with); for the rebel and the oppressor are children of the same little world.

So each world perpetuates itself from genera-

tion to generation, weaving its own patterns, French or German or Italian, and following a law of its own. Its strength lies in being itself, in following the cycle of its own organic development. The superimposition of a Gothic spire on a Greek substructure is revolting to the developed mind not for academic esthetic reasons, not because the final pattern contradicts an abstract theory of symmetry, but because two worlds are involved, two organisms. These organisms are not of necessity in contradiction; there is no war between them. But each utters its own tone, each lives its own way, and I cannot conceive of culture as a whole unless it belongs to a given mass, to a given complex of experience. I cannot conceive of it except as the possession of races. And, finishing now with the question of race, I may now say that *it does not matter whether races exist or not*. If they do not exist, we must have them in order that life may utter itself culturally. Or perhaps it would be better to say that if races do not exist, life invents the complete illusion of races, knowing no other way of operating.

Chapter XIX

THE GREATEST INTERNATIONALE

I have avoided hitherto all mention of the greatest internationale that has ever been known —the internationale of Christianity—because it would have sounded too much like a piece of self-destructive irony which I had disingenuously put into the mouth of an adversary. But there are so many instructive hints to be found in the history of Christianity that I shall return more than once to the subject.

Nothing that has been said in modern times concerning an internationale of universal human brotherhood could be more cogent than the first philosophy of Christianity. In this aspect of its appeal Christianity saw no difference between rich and poor, noble and plebeian and slave, blond or brunet or black. It was not even bothered by the modern bugbear of cranial indices and facial angles. The status of the individual was unaffected by claims of long descent.

And Christianity had a much more favorable field to work in than has the scientist-moralist of our time. The known world of those days presented a certain uniformity to which we are alien at present. By the time Christianity had entered into its first stride—say in the third century—most of the civilized world had been accustomed by long generations of Roman dominion to a sense of uniformity.[1] We may note, with some distress, that the famous phrase, "I am a citizen of the world," was not the product of modern internationalism, but of ancient Rome.

Granted this administrative advantage—perhaps a condition of its success—the Christian religion imposed a tremendous uniformity of thought on mankind. There is no feature of an internationalist activity today which can compare with the regimentation of all western mankind, for tens of generations, in the single way of thought of the Christian religion. The same ritual, the same hierarchy, the same ideology reigned from Spain to the borders of Russia,

[1] A good summary description is to be found in Chapter II of Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire.*

from Scandinavia to Africa. The power of the Church, internationally, was something which reduces to a shadow the power of international finance or of international labor. Education was for centuries in its hands. All formal knowledge was for centuries confined to its personnel, so much so that until recently any man who could read might claim the immunities of Church connections. Yet the tremendous labors of Christianity were blown aside like chaff by the rising whirlwinds of nationalism. The "Christian religion" has remained, but it has been rent by a schism which represents roughly the spiritual difference between the Northerner and the Southerner, and as a whole it has ceased to play any part at all in the internationalization of mankind. The only near-Christian sentiment I can discover in the fury that followed the World War was the universal application of the moral: "Do as you would have been done to."

It will be pointed out that Christianity ceased to be a true religion of all mankind in the earliest days of its power. The first Christians would not lend themselves to the immorality of war. As soon as the entry of Christianity into high

places foretold its coming triumph, it ceased to be Christianity. There are indications that it had ceased to be that even before. But one great incident may reasonably be accepted as the symbol of the collapse of Christianity. When Constantine—for reasons of the ignoblest kind—became a Christian, he replaced the Roman eagles at the head of his armies with the labarum. On that cross Christianity died. The morality of Christian emperors and kings, from Constantine on, offers no contrast to the morality of pagan emperors and kings before them. We shall find it hard to more than match the degeneracy and the beastliness which reigned at the Christian court of Ravenna even with the examples of Nero and Elagabalus before us. And where, among Christian rulers and prelates, shall we find the more than equals of Pertinax and Marcus Aurelius? Such reflections, it might be urged, make it impossible for us to compare medieval Christianity, as a humanizing agent, with the spread of scientific knowledge. But so far the moral power of science does not seem to have asserted itself with particular distinction. In the World War the scientists coöperated

nobly with the military forces of every country. It may even be said that, without the scientists, this war would have been a complete fiasco. The only group of people who made a mass stand against the orgy of murder were the Quakers, and even they imperfectly. Allied with them were a few scattered individuals, many of them Jews, a few of them noted scientists. In this respect it does seem as if science, as a religion or morality, is running the same course as early Christianity. Beginning by proclaiming the brotherhood of man, and asserting by inference a special protectorate over the despised, it ends up by entering the high places and becoming a part of the eternal order of things.

But this is really a digression. The real failure of Christianity as an internationalizing agency lies so deeply rooted in the nature of things as to indicate all the possibilities and limitations of internationalization. We find that failure adumbrated in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

In spite of all its failures, the Christianity which swayed Europe for something like a thousand years came as near to success as any subjec-

tion of races to a dominant cultural and spiritual idea can come. That success is indicated by the almost complete absence of productive genius which has given the Dark Ages their name. Perhaps the Church was not to blame. Perhaps its success was not the cause, but the effect, of the lack of individuality which made of medieval Europe an interregnum of free intelligence between ancient and modern times. Perhaps the decline of the uniform church was not the cause of the emergence of the nations, bearing their individual gifts, but again the effect. But in either case, the only great internationale that we have known was contemporaneous with the period of our greatest intellectual and spiritual poverty. And it is well to note, in passing, that we had not even the consolation of peace; while the great internationale did nothing to provoke the creative genius of man or group, it did just as little, it appears, to lessen the hatred of man for man. Its only achievement, or (to give it the proper benefit of the doubt) its only attendant effect, was the submergence of all that variety, all those localisms and limitations, which

give birth to artistic, literary, philosophic, and perhaps even scientific production.

And the very instruments of internationalization became blunted. The original creed of the Church, a living thing when Saul carried it out of Palestine, was turned into a mummy. The Bible, the most vital of books, was converted into a collection of formulæ. The Latin of the monks—the Esperanto of the Middle Ages—became in its maturity what Esperanto was at birth, a flaccid, joyless, rootless group of "universally intelligible symbols."

And if there is any truth in what I have said in the last chapter, it was inevitable that as long as Latin remained the language of culture, there could be no culture to speak of.[2] Never again could life re-invest that withered and sapless language. No people on the soil spoke it. The vital mass which had given it substance and passion had disappeared. In Italy, Italian struggled for release—and found it at last when a

[2] This may sound like an exaggeration. The Middle Ages were not devoid of culture, certainly not in the architectural field. But it is almost impossible to stress sufficiently the contrast between the medieval and the modern period.

genius arose which could not brook the imposition of the dead hand. In England the struggles of Norman French gave way to the resilient, earthy speech of Chaucer, a thing compounded of the vigor of English fields, English villages. In France, where the flow of genius has not been so spasmodic, and so explosive, as in England and Italy, the revolution was less dramatic, but ultimately as complete. And so, as local life crystallized out, the dream of universalism faded. And who is there who would prefer the idea of the universal church, even, let us admit, with the prospects of peace, to that brilliant efflorescence which attended or caused its decline? In the place of those few lights which, scattered through the centuries of the Dark Ages, served only to make their darkness visible, there came the dazzling constellations of the Italian Renaissance, to be challenged before long by galaxies of almost equal splendor in the North. Can any one conceive of the birth of the literatures of France, England, Germany, without the disappearance of Latin and the rise of the vernaculars? And can any one conceive of the rise of these vernaculars, plus their use in

literary expression, without a passionate development of local life, peculiar in tone, tradition, and idiom of thought? Nor was it literature alone that broke into blossom. Art, music, philosophy, science, everything that makes our distinctive modern civilization, dates from the decay of this universalist ideal, and the rise of the nations.

Chapter XX

THE THINGS I LIVE BY

Early in this book ("The Superstitions of Science") I described how, from the infinite to which I had fled, I returned ignominiously to the limited to find the thing I lived by—a morality. I mentioned then that not for my morality alone, but for all other things that made life tolerable, I found myself driven back on the limitations which it was my duty to despise intellectually.

I hear around me the familiar cry of the young: "The times are too big for these primitive divisions. What is it to me that I am a Jew, or a Frenchman, or a German? The things I live by lift me to a plane to which no projection of these limitations carries." But in the days when I too attempted to lift myself out of time and space, I was baffled by the paradox that the greatest utterances of the greatest men were inextricably linked up with these limitations, smacked almost of deliberate retirement into

obscure places of the world. And the more obvious the extrusion of the infinite, the more intimate was the approach to the infinite.

There are two elements in every great literary work: the universal truth that is uttered, and the *Stilisierung* in which it is uttered. The more idiomatic the *Stilisierung*, the more localized and untranslatable, the more intense the charge of the infinite.

With the universe to choose from, why did great men cling so obstinately to their own little places? Why must Thomas Hardy write of the Wessex county, Anatole France of his own country, Knut Hamsun of a lost corner of the world, Tolstoi of his own peasantry and aristocracy? I go back to the greatest of them, to Shakespeare and to Goethe. What is it gives to *Hamlet* and to *Faust* their irresistible appeal? The universality of their themes? By no means. These themes could be set down, have been set down, in simple and intelligible language, accessible to all minds. It is the utterance of the theme in terms of a particular culture—a particular and unique life.

Shakespeare borrowed the scheme and the

philosophic content of his greatest play from an older legend, and laid the scene of his action in Denmark. But the study of Denmark is as immaterial to the understanding of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* as a study of bears is to the understanding of Heine's *Atta Troll.* The England of his time, the England that he loved, alone explains the power of his work. Delight in the joy of a language old enough to be rich in hereditary content, too young to know the constraint of standardization—an age of much self-searching, the days when England broke loose from Rome to reëstablish a personal relation with first principles—a generation of intense self-consciousness, a quick sense of personal and national destiny. The moribund chivalric literature of Europe, at its most exquisitely ludicrous in Spain, provoked the birth of Don Quixote. So the furious activity of that England (Fortinbras, perhaps), with its restless aspirations to greatness, reacted on the mind of an unhappy man to evoke the counter-figure of Hamlet. This is for the general theme. But in the particulars we shall see even more intimately the time and the place. Shakespeare was as observant and as

shrewd as Chaucer. Not his general effects alone, but his types, his men and women, their struggles, their hungers, were those of his day. He seems, for every figure that walked the stage, to have had some particular person in mind. He did not draw them from generalization, but from contact. He set down life as he saw it, and there emerged universal figures.

Faust is even more strikingly *régionaliste.* We may with benefit contrast the character of the first book of *Faust* with that of the second book. The theme of the second book of *Faust* may be greater, its values more universal, its subject matter more general. It covers a canvas which dwarfs the first book into a miniature. But not all the efforts of critics and philosophers will convince the world that the second book of *Faust* is greater than the first. It is not greater precisely because it attempts to reach the general through the general, instead of through the particular.

The sting of the first book lies in its immediacy to a life, and thence to life. We may condense the philosophic intent of the first book—as of the second—into a true, brief, and simple

statement. But it will not do. The scenes which sink deep into the mind of the reader—the crowds outside the gates of the city, the singing of the soldiers, the dancing of the peasants, Auerbach's cellar, Martha's garden, Martha herself—all that is most delightful and most terrifying in the first book—are the reproduction of what Goethe had observed, touched, tasted. Without this background of actuality, without this small middle-class life of Germany a hundred years ago or more, *Faust* evaporates in his own laboratory. That famous passage:

Nichts bessers weiss ich mir an Sonn- und Feiertagen,
Als ein Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei,
Wenn hinten, weit in der Türkei
Die Völker auf einander schlagen.
Man steht am Fenster, trinkt sein Gläschen aus
Und sieht den Fluss hinab die bunten Schiffe gleiten;
Dann kehrt man abends froh nach Haus
Und segnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten.

This is great not only in itself; it is *des Basses Grundgewalt* against which the tenor theme soars clearly. Even this figure is inadequate. That smug, happy little world is what

actually provokes the counter-theme of the desperate rebellion.

It is impossible for me, in this place, to extend the theme, and to refer to their proper milieu a larger number of the world's greatest literary figures. But who can conceive of *Faust* or *Hamlet* in any other than their respective languages, or more important, in any other than their native places? Who can conceive of Greek drama emerging in Egypt? Who can conceive the agony of Faust against the background of an Italian Renaissance? Who can conceive of our modern civilization without these divisions and localizations which we call nationalities, races, districts?

If it is marvelous that a locale and a local language were needed for the dramatic or lyric treatment of life, it is still more marvelous that even philosophy should have declined the offer of a universal medium and have reverted, even like pure literature, to the personal background of the man. Why is it that after Spinoza no great philosopher has written in Latin? Every reasonable argument pleads, *a priori,* against what actually happened. Do the universal quan-

tities of philosophy need a peasantry, a bourgeoisie, a dialect, for their expression? The great philosophic minds of Europe, those who were linked together in an intellectual passion which lifted them far above the vulgar mobs, had one medium of expression in common. Latin, if it had lost contact with physical life, had nevertheless been the language of philosophy for a thousand years. Here were needed no particular types, no idioms of speech or of culture, which are, indeed, hostile to the spirit of technical philosophy. The audience of the philosopher was restricted. I do not speak now of literary philosophers like Montaigne, but of technical philosophers like Locke, like Berkeley. These, like the pure scientists, the technicians, had every reason to retain their Esperanto. They abandoned it, using the barbarous product of the masses, dialects which sundered them from the rest of the world. No one writes philosophy in Latin these days. And he who would keep abreast of philosophic writing nowadays must either master half a dozen languages or wait for translations.

To me this strange decline of Latin in the field

of universal symbolism (it survives partly in medicine, pharmacy, etc.) proves that even philosophy is only a *façon de parler,* and both philosophy and the subjective appeal of science are literary expressions of a culture, wider in their scope, but none the less sensitive to milieu. But if this is denied—as it will be by most—it makes the puzzle of the decline of Latin even more difficult of solution.

But whatever be the attitude taken toward this aspect of science and philosophy, one thing is certain: this disintegration into group-life, group prejudice, and passion, which accompanied the rebirth of thought and culture, was not deliberate. It went on, indeed, against a desperate protest. There was no conscious conspiracy to produce localisms. Life simply mastered theory. As men have always sought some mode of limitation the better to express themselves—whether it be the quite irrational limitations of verse, the novel, the drama, or the equally irrational limitations of woodcut, etching, water-color, oil painting—so life itself, the foundation of culture, the all-in-all of it, sought limitations, the better to take on intelligibility. Of one great "work,"

the greatest of works, the Bible, I shall speak in the second book, to point the same moral. Everywhere I found the hunger of life to find for itself a particular medium. And the attempt to escape from medium and from all that medium implies was to reject the only method of living which life can offer us.

Chapter XXI

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE

The great catalytic agent in the production of a culture is love. The greater the love, the more generous its action. Love is never totally absent; frequently it is tacit; always it is the necessary relation of a man to his environment.

But love involves more than delight in immediate surrounding. Since the life which surrounds a man is the sum total of the past experience of a group, his love of these surroundings is accompanied by a love of those who have lived before him.

The perfection of that love is reached when a man has no identity of descent to separate him from the mass. When he feels that his own father, his father's father—as far back as he can go—belonged to this evolving spirit, then he knows himself at one with his world. No amount of philosophizing can still the hunger of the father-to-son relationship. We can no more

transcend it than we can transcend the illusions that attend the love of a woman—we should no more seek to transcend it. It is precious beyond all things because it gives to man's work a directive emotional continuity beyond his own pitiful span of years. It is the incentive to memory, the impulse to vision.

Sometimes we call this love of forbears by another name—tradition. Its power is infinitely greater than the means of its propagation promise. I cannot understand it as the mere product of repetition. My actual contact is with my father and with my son, perhaps with two generations of the past and future. The rest is a thing told, not a thing experienced. It is a thing told, yet it is as strong as a thing experienced. Wherein does tradition differ from other things told?

We see a university founded, with every circumstance which promises great achievement. We shake our heads and say: "It has no tradition yet." What is that illusory quantity? A tradition is not, in reality, older than the person who learns it. Conscious history is re-created with every generation. In that sense history

has no age, and tradition is an illusion. Yet it asserts an obstinate will, and lives an organic life of its own, mastering the life of all who learn it. It is as fresh as the first freshman; it is as old as the institution.

We see a country founded, and we call it young. Strangely enough it behaves, as an organism, as though it really possessed youth. But wherein are its inhabitants young? They are as old as the rest of mankind. They are lifted out of ancient races and ancient cultures. In the new environment, in the grip of a new race-ideal, they acquire the characteristics of youth, physically as well as spiritually. They begin a new cycle, as though they had been new-fashioned, a fresh creation. What is it that endows them with first vigor? This! They have lost their memory, their tradition, and are as children again. So powerful is tradition, so startling the effect of its removal. It is stronger than biologic laws which govern the individual. The biologic law continues as ever; the memory of man overrides it without contradicting it. It is tradition that separates us from the brute, tradition that in those last ten minutes of life's

appearance gave it brilliance and beauty. But where there is no love there is no tradition.

Why does not a new country produce an old culture? All the culture of the world has been open to America since its birth. Why has the intellectual rôle of America in the last hundred years been less important than that of any other leading country? Because it must follow the cycle of its own tradition, create its own memories and its own love. Why must it do so? I do not know, and it does not matter in this discussion. But we do know that unless it does follow its own cycle it will never produce greatly. Culture cannot be borrowed. A language can be borrowed, all forms, all methods; yet they do not produce an authentic culture until they are transfigured by the mysterious growth of a country's tradition. Rome tried to borrow Greek culture, but until it had authenticated its own, could make no use of it. In order that the culture of one country may be appreciated by a second, the second must have its own.

It is so with the individual. It is impossible for a man to acquire wisdom by studying the experiences of others. Though all he obtains by

experience is confirmation of what others might have told him, he must go through with it personally. When he has passed through his own cycle of life, he understands the experience of others. And the more he becomes an individuality apart, the apter he is to acquire the wisdom of others.

Not through narrowness do the world's greatest creators cleave to tradition. Did they not love, they could not create. If a man is to unravel, in utterance, the secret of life, he must love vehemently. And the strongest love is the love of blood. Unless his passion for life is reenforced by consciousness of blood relationship, he dilutes his genius. He wants the cycle of his own forbears.

It is reasonable to repeat—it is repeated *ad nauseam*—that every country has its culture, and every culture is good, that all are worthy, even equally worthy, of a man's love. But it is as reasonable to repeat that every woman has some attraction about her, and there is no woman so far above all others as to merit the exclusive passion of a man. It is all very true, but it does not mean anything.

It is a strange and terrible truth that man turns to the creation of tradition instinctively. Torn from one tradition, he begins to weave another, equally potent. He can no longer live without it, as once he lived (if he was then man) a hundred thousand years ago. For those who have lost their Old World traditions, America begins to weave a new one, more compelling from generation to generation. Why will not the New World leave well enough alone, if tradition is a curse? Because it cannot leave it alone and become great.

So, above each group, hovers an invisible spirit, waiting to be embodied. It is as though the void were inhabited by ideas, as once men believed it was inhabited by souls, each waiting for individual embodiment. Outside the spiritual nothingness of physical laws these utterances, the contribution of each group, lie in wait, formless, indeterminate. They come from the void, pass through their cycle, vanish again into the void, shadows, intangible spirits that we cannot describe, but only feel and live.

Their instrument is the love of the father for

the son, nothing more. A man teaches his own son, and that is enough. As the race is propagated for infinite ages by the repetition of single generations, so the shadow spirit is propagated, moves through its orbit, by the repetition of things said by one generation to another.

The heart of man turns with irresistible longing to these shadows, giving them, by his devotion, a strength beyond our understanding. And until the spirit has passed through its cycle, it will not relinquish its hold upon its proper group.

So, in the end, the time came when I was to fall under the compulsion of the spirit which belongs to my blood. Like something that had waited for me alone, it overcame me, infinitely sweet, infinitely powerful, answering not the problem of death, but the problem of life. The labyrinth of problems and mysteries in which I had wandered in torture was not dissolved, but I was lifted out of it. I still see it from afar, dreadful, alluring, mocking our intelligence. If it ever tempts me again, it will be when the springs of love are dried up in me, as it did once when they were not yet opened; for this eternal

labyrinth, with its numberless alleys, its inscrutable plan, is the consolation of despair, the last resort of impotence.

I was set upon the roads of life, and in time I was led back, for the renewal of my strength, to the place where the spirit of my people, whose captive I now was, had first made itself manifest.

BOOK II

Chapter I

MY FIRST RETURN

Hour by hour, as I stood watching the cometary furrow of the steamer moving inward from the horizon, or lay on the upper deck and watched the constellations sway right and left about the mast, the wonder of this voyage grew upon me. I was "returning" to a land which I had never seen, and which my parents had not seen, nor my parents' parents. I was going "home" to a place which existed for me only by hearsay, a thing told. My own life had been a replica of the life of my people: I had been born within a thousand miles of Palestine, and since then I had wandered by devious roads of many tens of thousands, and I had never come nearer to it. And now a longing as strong as life itself drew me back.

I had learned that a long, long time ago, an incredibly long time ago, my ancestors had been driven from the country. But so many years

have passed since then that not a single nation has remained a living witness to the story. The destroyer himself died hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and many another oppressor has writ his name in water between that day and ours. At times it seems only like a far-off legend, an uncertain and unhappy rumor, less the record of an individual event than one of those powerful, primitive fables, drawn from the remotest past, symbolizing the universal tragedy of nations.

By what stubborn paths my seed had been carried since that day, I do not know. Nor does it matter that strange admixtures of blood have since then filtered into our veins—slaves that were welcomed into the house of Israel a thousand years ago, Tartar chieftains settled on Russian steppes, perhaps even blond Northerners who had nourished a fierce and perverse affection for the daughters of an accursed race. It does not matter, or, if it matters at all, it gives even sharper edge to the miracle. Here is the mystery of mysteries. There poured into Palestine a horde of wanderers, whose confused origins go back to half-forgotten names; before their coming, and after it, they confounded whatever

purity their parts had possessed with new accretions, fair Philistines from Kaphtor, swart Bedouins picked up between the Red Sea and the Jordan, still darker animal-worshipers from the region of the Delta—a rebellious rabble, half nomads, half slaves, chosen by the life-force for the beginnings of a marvelous experiment. There was driven out of Palestine a nation and a spirit. That spirit has invested generation after generation, has drawn in material from the surrounding world, has clothed itself with a changing body, but has survived, clear in individuality as it was two thousand years ago.

We are told by scientists that man's body renews itself every seven years; within that period every corporeal particle of him is shed and replaced by alien stuff. Yet the man remains the same. How? Why? This, no scientist knows. Much less does he know why the spirit which went out of Palestine, carried by that bodily nation which Rome all but destroyed, should have continued imperishably through all changes and accretions so that I, compounded from a score of human sources, should now turn to Palestine as though I had left it but yesterday.

We shall never know what alchemy transfused into the common material of our first ancestry this perdurable consciousness. Let mechanists speak of illusions. But these illusions endure and give birth to that beauty which the mechanists cannot understand, much less enrich. They are the way that life chooses to people this world with expressions of itself.

And while the ship shook under me with subdued thunder, I thought in what clamorous astonishment my forefathers would have crowded the shore between Dor and Acho, would have perched on the slopes and summits of Mount Carmel, to see this monster come riding in from the West! Leviathan himself, broken from his moorings, with a cluster of villages on his iron scales, Leviathan with a thousand eyes, throwing back the sea to right and left, contemptuous of storms and serenely unsuppliant for favorable winds. *The Lord shall set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria and from Egypt and from Pathros and from Cush and from Elam and from Shinar and from Hamath and from the islands of the sea.* But

such a fabulous homecoming as this, Isaiah did not foresee.

The remote *islands of the sea* that Isaiah sang of are for us only a tiny cluster nestling together a stone's throw from each other and from the shores of the homeland. To us it seems that the shadow of Mount Carmel, as it circles slowly against the sun, must be thrown across all of them successively. The remnant of Israel is departed from Assyria and from Egypt and from Pathros and from Cush and from Elam and from Shinar and from Hamath to worlds unknown in Isaiah's day. This ocean I was crossing, which separated from the Old World more Jews than Isaiah ever knew, is so wide that it could swallow up a dozen times the one hundred and twenty-seven kingdoms of Ahasuerus and leave ample room and verge enough for Egypt and for Pathros. *He shall recover the remnant . . . from America and from Poland and from South Africa and from Australia. . . .*

Late one night an intermittent glimmer rose below the rim of the faintest stars, ahead of us and to the left, and grew slowly into the regular, alternating flash of a lighthouse. It was Cape

St. Vincent, the furthest Atlantic outpost of the Iberian peninsula, known to the ancient Greeks as the Hesperides, the lands of the sunset, to the Hebrews as Sephared, and to us as Spain and Portugal. In the full darkness there was nothing visible but the circling light, which is set there as a warning to ships, but which for me, there and then, shone like a memorial and a sign. For I thought then that Sephared was sunk in the sea, and I remembered the story of hope and disillusionment, of momentary splendor and swift decline, the story which is wholly Spain's and partly ours. All that is strange and stirring and beautiful in the bewildering history of our exile is typified for me in Spain, that double symbol of glory and decay. It was a gallant world we set our hopes on once, made our own, gave our love to—a love which survives to this day to shame the memory of the bitter zealots who, in their little day, drove us forth. Along the shores of the Levant, among inland cities of Greece and Turkey, and even in far-off tumultuous America, the descendants of the despised infidel still speak the tongue of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mothers sing to their children in

the language of Torquemada. By this place the spirit had passed hundreds of years ago, here nested a while, to be driven abroad again, still unconquerable. From the first rank—perhaps from the first place—among the nations, Sephared has declined to a subordinate station, and gives no evidence of rising again. The unquenchable vigor of the Jew, outliving the spite and brutality of a score of nations, draws eastward again, builds with a spirit as fresh and eager today as it was three thousand years ago.

. . . . . .

As the ship advanced day by day into the heart of the Mediterranean, there beat over me hot waves of memories, like the waves of a simoon blowing out of the past. This was the *Yam Ha-Gadol,* the *Yam Ha-tikun!* To what land, on either side, had we been strangers? In what land had we known permanent rest? Spain, Greece, Egypt—all of them had written bloody chapters into the book of our life. I gazed with infinite fascination at the wide and sunny expanse of blue, on which a million whitecaps kept up a joyous sibilation. We are told that this is among the youngest of the seas. It

was only yesterday that the Atlantic broke through the narrow Eurafrican pass and begot this daughter; and the story of the Flood, some say, still commemorates the destruction of ten thousand cities and settlements whose only survivors are Isaiah's Islands of the Sea. That alluring loveliness of hers is the unwrinkled front of utter shamelessness, for she was born in destruction and has lived in the midst of sin. If the history of the Mediterranean could be foreshortened into a one-day panorama, what a rushing to and fro there would be of murderous hordes, nations from almost every end of the ancient world—Egyptians, Semites from *Kirjath Hadashah*, blood-brothers to the Hebrew; Greeks, Persians, Romans, Northerners from the shores of the Baltic, bloodiest of them all; Saracens, Arabs, Crusaders, Turks—what a swift efflorescence there would be of cities and civilizations, a momentary dazzle of light passing from spot to spot—a terrific kaleidoscope—and, moving through all, beginning almost with the earliest of them, and surviving the last of them, something somber and purposeful, a spirit defying the alternating hatred and blandishment

of a whole world—the Jew waiting, with terrifying patience, for the fulfillment of his own prophecy: *"Vehaya b'achrith ha-yamin nachon* . . . And it shall come to pass in the last days . . ."

. . . . . .

It was somewhere on this sea that Ibn Damahin, sea-captain to Abd-el-Rahman, Moorish king of Spain, and private buccaneer on the side, stopped the ship that carried the four sages who were traveling from land to land gathering funds for our academies in Pumbeditha and Sura. (It was not so long ago in Jewish history—but England was not yet a kingdom, nor France, nor Spain; America was still to wait six centuries for the coming of the white man.) There was Rabbi Hushiel, son of Rabbenu Hananel, and Rabbi Moshe, father of Rabbi Enoch, and Rabbi Shemarya, son of Rabbi Elkanan—and another, of whom the chronicler, Abraham ibn Daud, says regretfully, "I do not know his name." But whoever he was, Ibn Damahin took him, with the other three, and with part of their families. The wife of Rabbi Moshe did not live long; the buccaneer having

made evident his evil intent toward her, she ascertained from her husband that the writ of the resurrection would run at the bottom of the sea, and threw herself into it. Abraham ibn Daud does not mention whether these sages were set at the oars, but he does mention that they forbore to reveal their scholarship. Perhaps they were used as supers, when time was pressing, or when an enemy pursued or fled. And we may think of them, swaying back and forth under the lash of the Moor, lugging and thrusting in slow alternation, and assimilating the rhythm to snatches of the Talmud which they chanted under their breath: *"Oy Omar Abaya . . . Oy Omar Rabba . . ."*

When the captain of the ship sold Rabbi Shemarya in Alexandria, Rabbi Moshe in Cordova, and Rabbi Hushiel somewhere in Morocco, he did not know that he was the instrument of Israel's undying destiny, any more than the worm, grubbing in the earth, knows that it is turning the soil for the crops of man. Rabbi Shemarya and Rabbi Hushiel founded centers of Jewish learning in Africa; and the great Talmudic schools of the West sprang from the seed

planted by Rabbi Moshe. So that when decay and persecution had extinguished in Babylon the Jewish glory of a thousand years, the spark that was carried west by a Moorish robber had kindled a beacon of equal luster. What can you do with a people in such conspiracy with Fate?

Chapter II

THE INSTRUMENTS OF MEMORY

In the irregular records of our people we may trace in general outline the wanderings of the bearers of the Jewish spirit since the day of their dispersion. And though we cannot touch the inmost secret of its will, we do know what outward form was indissolubly associated with the survival of this spirit. It was in the life of a whole people that this form was molded. Scholars and singers and thinkers became, as among other peoples, the focus of conscious self-expression; but they drew their material, and their spiritual being, from the Jewish mass.

My first Jewish contacts were made as a child in my home and in the cheder. My early experiences were overlaid by the more immediate pressure of a strong environment, and my Jewish points of contact were isolated and irrelevant incidents, curiosities of human behavior. But later, when approaching maturity demanded

a natural link with the past of my own flesh and blood, the upper writing of the palimpsest became weaker, and the original script, from right to left, glowed clearer. The memories of my childhood reasserted themselves, but with a new meaning. For now I understood that what at first had seemed scattered and meaningless little incidents had a pattern, making up the framework of a full life. They built up or they were built around a totality of consciousness, a culture, a civilization. That consciousness was an organic thing, with a history, and with promise. It was an organism incredibly old—and yet its natural force was not abated. Among the spirits which made up the races and civilizations of the world, it was marvelously distinct. It could move men to suffering and action today as potently as it had done a thousand years ago.

I shall not speak here of the nature of the Jewish spirit, for I have treated of this in a separate book. I am concerned only with the instruments which that spirit had chosen to invest, as an individuality invests the sum total of a man's aptitudes. Those instruments I had

mistaken, in earlier years, for empty and unrelated survivals, much as a man without an ear for music must hear in a symphony only an unrelated succession of sounds. And just as the man with an ear for music knows that, over and above the relation of one sound to another, there is a great meaning charging the whole composition, so I became aware that a theme and character was implicit in the forms of Jewish life.

And as I drew nearer, during the days of my pilgrimage, to the place which had molded the spirit and its forms, the sense of a oneness of Jewish life became more and more acute. The light which illumined my Jewish consciousness, fusing all individual experiences into a single pattern, became blindingly bright. It seemed at times that I was moving toward an incandescent center, a score of intolerable splendor, the source of this power which had melted before it time and space and the material power of the world.

. . . . . .

In the obscure Roumanian village of my birth, in the midst of a brutish peasantry, a remnant

of my people had maintained, even in the texture of their own wretched lives, the form which guarded the spirit of the Jew. I remember the shofar on the Day of Atonement, an instrument brought from Judean hills, to sound across the twilight of Roumanian fields. And the sound of the trumpet followed the rush of the twilight across the rim of the world, traversed oceans and continents, to peal successively in lonely villages and restless cities. In the yard outside the cheder a hut was built, every Feast of Tabernacles. The sunlight broke through the roof of twigs, and played upon the floor, as it once played on the floor of the huts which a Jewish peasantry built in the Valley of Esdraelon in the harvest time. On the first two nights of Passover we sat around a table laden with mysterious symbols of a past which had never died—the symbol of the paschal lamb, the symbols of a temple destroyed and a priesthood disrobed long before this western world we know had been born. Again we cast off the slavery of Egypt, passed triumphantly through the cloven waters of the Red Sea, and marched across the desert to find our tremendous destiny. The fierce

desert sun broke through the night and through the covering of centuries, and turned the bread upon our table into unleavened cakes. The words of prophets and sages scattered through thousands of years were on our lips. A beaker of wine stood apart, sacred to Elijah. In the midst of the ceremonies we rose and flung open the door, that the persecuting gentile might enter freely and know how false was the accusation that we were using blood in our ritual; and then, with sublime irony, as keen as that of the Tishbite when, on the summit of Carmel, he mocked the prophets of Baal, we said, as in greeting: "Pour forth Thy wrath upon the peoples that know Thee not . . . for they have laid Jacob waste. . . ."

But these holidays, with others less solemn, were only the high points of this disembodied life. There ran, through all our days, the continuous impulse which had so obviously beaten in a full harmonious group civilization. We who had for many, many centuries been discouraged by every device, direct and indirect, from possessing a peasantry in proportion with our numbers, still maintained an hereditary in-

terest in the soil, prayed for the "former" and the "latter" rain without knowing the application of the words; observed in irrelevant climes the ritual of the harvest time at the proper season of the Palestinian year; decked our synagogues with willow withes; imported the citron and palm into remote and alien corners of the world. Three times daily we reiterated our faith in the rebuilding of a Jewish homeland. And in all those transactions which were removed from our oppressive daily experience we resorted again to the language in which we had first found character and self-consciousness. It is folly to say, as so many have said, that Hebrew was to every intent a dead language until the Haskallah revived it. Among millions of Jews the very sound of the tongue was a consolation. It was woven into their lives by daily repetition; it was a refuge and a promise. It was not simply a priestly trick, or an empty survival. It lived even on the lips of those who understood it only in fragments or not at all. We clung with such obstinacy to the language because instinctively we knew that here was the center of our self-expression, the key which gave

meaning to the huge system we carried with us through the centuries.

. . . . . .

In the tiny synagogue on the outskirts of the village the scrolls of the law stood in their mantles of velvet topped by crowns and pomegranates of silver. Here, on Sabbath afternoons, old men gathered to meditate and study, shopkeepers, peddlers, tailors. Life for them was harsh, bitter, ugly. It is impossible for a people to maintain outward dignity in the midst of a world alternately exasperated and astounded by its obstinacy. Out of continuous poverty there sprang the inevitable pettiness of outlook, the meanness of those who have never known the ease of leisure and of freedom. But these hours, stolen from their graceless lives, restored them recurrently to their own. Despite frequent imitation, the Christian world has never learned to taste the sweetness, the graciousness, of the Sabbath. It was not a day of rest from labor, but of rest from the world. It was a day of supreme happiness, but not of indulgence; it was a day of severe restrictions, but not of repression. The Sabbath was a bride, a friend,

a princess. But her garments were not of the Western world, and she had never sat in the galleries above the jousting lists.

He who has never seen this picture will never understand why, at the end of some festive meal, the old men should lean back, and, with half-closed eyes, sing of their gratitude and their faith.

> Blessed be the Lord Who has made us for His Glory. . . .
> And planted in our midst the seed of life eternal.

Neither the words nor the plaintive melody can mean anything to the outside world—perhaps not even the sentiment, for why should a people be grateful for a gift which seems to have been its undoing? To have lived so long—to what effect? But they sing again:

> When the Lord returned the captivity of Zion, we were as in a dream.

Their eyes brim with tears. In the far-off time to come they will be comforted. The despised of the earth shall be exalted because of their faithfulness. The account will be drawn up at

the end of days, and the reckoning will be read by God Himself on the Mount of Zion. Until then, they will suffer and remember. They will wait, living and dead, always with some symbol to which the earthly hand and brain can cling. Some of them, before they die, will make their home in Zion, to wait close at hand for the trumpet of the resurrection. Others, less fortunate, will ask that a handful of earth be brought from the Holy Land, to be laid with them in their coffins in pagan soil. But, above the earth or under it, they are tied forever with invisible threads to the land that was once theirs.

The threads run out to the ends of the earth. To Russian and Polish villages the same theme radiates from the same center. The word itself is magic—Eretz Israel. After so many centuries, while complete national histories have run their course, the Jewish spirit still speaks to Jewries under the Southern Cross and at the outermost rims of civilization. And I, among increasing thousands, was returning under its compulsion, asking whether, within that spirit, there was still enough creative youth to warrant a renewed faith, but feeling certain in advance that no de-

caying force could make such a stir in the world.

Neither I nor my parents know the path by which these instruments of memory—a ritual which composed a mnemonics of eternity—were brought down to me. My father's grandfather was born in Poland—this is the furthest back that I can go. He, with others, carried this ghost world waiting for reincarnation into a Roumanian village, and preserved it there for me. But who preserved it for him? How many of my own forbears had traversed the road along which I was now returning, by way of Spain and Italy and Egypt? From millions of them, through a filter which covered the whole world, my self had been brought down. But it no longer seemed to matter what their experience had been outside of Palestine. I was renewing my contact with the first source. If they had transmitted this will to me, it was enough.

Chapter III

THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL

THE HOLY CITY, July, 1924.

"There are the mountains of Judea," I said to myself, and was afraid to believe it, lest they should disappear, as dreams are said to disappear when the sleeper says to himself, "I am dreaming." They crowded on me as the train wound its laborious way from village to village, and I felt like a blind man who, given sight for the first time, thinks that whatever he perceives he must be touching, since he is accustomed to perceive the outside world only by touch. The rounded summits were within reach of my hand, and distances were all confounded. We seemed to be moving on the surface of a crystal, and perspective was illusory. I saw the barren masses, alternate gray and green, now dusty in the shouting sunlight, now fresh with oases of foliage; I saw tiny donkeys galloping noiselessly along roads; I saw camels moving with graceful

reptilian undulations; cacti like odd green waffles, with jagged edges; huts and houses, terraces on hillsides, cultivated patches, knolls of palm-trees—all of it unreal by virtue of an intenser reality than I had ever experienced. It *must* be visionary, it *must* be only within myself, to be so intimately near, I thought. . . .

There is some mystic configuration in these hills, unfolding mile after mile, lifting and lowering the path of the train, till I feel that we have traveled a thousand miles in an hour. There is an effect of infinity in miniature, a distillation of space. There must be, there is, a particular meaning and power in this tiny territory. Why is it that these hidden valleys, toys, playgrounds, now shrink to the infinitesimal, now expand into the immeasurable? It is a span, it is a universe; it is a footstool, it is a palace. Against this background man looms a moment, the greatest and the godliest of all creation's children, and the next moment all but vanishes, a thing creeping on a hillside, a grain of dust carried by the wind. These villages—they are pitiful collections of huts and ruins; they are names that will never die, and their glory fills the whole world.

The mind plays with space, almost seizes its mysterious quality, its essential secret. It is a trick of the Creator, perhaps, Who, having flung across the tremendous void bridges of fire and of fiery mist, now, in intenser mood, concentrated His will in a jewel, and wrought the same wonder with a thimbleful of earth as with engulfing nebulæ. "Read," He said, "the heart of this miniature, and you will touch the heart of the infinite." And He crowded into an atom all the marvels of the stellar circuits. All the universe is here, all of mankind, all of its follies, all of its longings; the record of one tiny people has touched all the extremes of life, and whatever is beautiful and terrible and ugly in mankind found its prototype of expression here.

Perhaps it is the sunlight. I stood on a hill in Jerusalem and I saw at the foot, almost touched by the shadow of the house, a blue lake set in mountains. "Let us go down to that water," I said; "it is only a mile or two away."

"It is twenty miles away and more," they said. "It is the Dead Sea."

"I do not believe it. Those mountains beyond

the lake are not more than three or four miles distant."

"They are the mountains of Moab, fifty miles away."

"I do not believe it," I said again.

"These things are not to be believed," they said. "They are among the lies of Palestine."

But as I came up toward Jerusalem through the mountains of Judea I did not know this, and I could not understand the double effect of pent narrowness and oppressive amplitude. I do not understand it now, as I do not understand the miraculous elasticity of time. I have been here only four days, I know. But I have been here a moment, and I have been here forever.

But at least I do understand that only in such an illusive setting would men step close into the mystery of reality. There is no need to run panting from one end of the universe to the other, no need to break into the fastnesses of matter, as though Nature had craftily overlaid some ineffable word with veil after veil of deceitful seeming. The secret lies open before you here. It cries to you in a language you cannot

understand, but whose syllables are not to be resolved through material implements. You will believe everything here, you will believe nothing, for you see all, and all suddenly becomes nothing. You will understand why here the greatest word of faith was uttered, and the last word of desperate and contemptuous disbelief, the flame-white faith of Isaiah, the ice-white negation of Koheleth. And both of them united forever, both of them one, burning heat and burning cold, negative infinity and positive infinity meeting.

A wonder which will be explained at the end of time: Why was it that in this place alone, men were found to write as the prophets have written? Are not Abanah and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? Are there not hills and valleys in the land of the Hellenes? Is not the Nile mightier than the Jordan? The Valley of the Two Rivers is broader and richer, and there are in the world peaks that overtop ten times the summits of these hills. The vision and the voice were Palestine's alone. Why? Why? The question has drummed in my brain many years, and no one

will ever answer it. But, drawing ever closer to Jerusalem, through the labyrinth of the hills of Judea, I felt the ancient power falling on me, and a faint flush of those dread ecstasies rushed through my blood.

The last Arab village slips backward, and I walk to and fro in the empty carriage, looking on either side of me and feeling my heart beat faster and faster. The final stretch of the journey begins to drop to a dead level, as though before the dénouement of Jerusalem even the magic of these hills must for a moment be blotted out. I see a distant tower gliding along the summit of the last hillock, the first tower of Jerusalem, and then I can see no more, because I am blinded by tears, and all heaven and earth are encircled with a silver mist. Here is the city which is the world's center for ever and ever.

When the Lord returned the captivity of Zion we were as in a dream. Like one in a dream I went about that day. I did not care where I went. I met friends of mine again, and we spoke sensibly, of commonplace things, and asked and answered questions about each other and about friends we have in common. But I

walked in another world, and conversed with a stray part of my mind. I was not in a city that was then visible to them. I saw a mighty wall girding the inner town; I walked under arches, up and down alleys that twisted and turned, and men and women went by me, and there were bazaars, and donkeys laden with wares, and shouting and laughter and chaffering, cobbled roads that dipped and rose again, gateways, queer windows—old, old, old, with sharp sunlight and shadow, and here and there trees along alleys that swooped precipitously upward into immemorial courts. It was not real—or only half real. I saw them; they were there, and they were not there. There were other hosts. I was not myself, but a thousand others. Ten thousand times ten thousand men and women, all risen out of the gulf of the past, familiar and unfamiliar, my own and estranged from me. I came up to vantage-points and saw the hills that surround the city, but not as they are now —as they were a thousand years ago, two thousand years ago, three thousand years ago, shadow piled on shadow, ruins risen again into their completed originals, city above city, tower

clothing tower, and buttress behind buttress. All that have ever passed through here, camped here, dreamed here, visioned here, their works, their achievements, all came into the sunlight again, like gray exhalations. The sensation of time departed from me; past and present were one. The scroll of the days, which leaves a narrowest margin of text open, rolling it out from the infinity of the future and into the infinity of the past, was suddenly flung open and encompassed me, thousands of years of text simultaneously visible, Jebusites and Hebrews and Greeks and Romans and Saracens and Crusaders, citadels, temples, mosques, fortresses, pagan and Jewish and Moslem and Christian, every drama that has ever played itself out, with its settings and its scenery. Princelings and chieftains and kings, wise men and prophets and rulers, I saw. And I saw the innumerable hosts of the humble, the children that have laughed and cried along these streets, the boys and girls that have made love and have dreamed. And, over all, an immanent spirit which I have known nowhere else, a canopy, invisible and urgent, through which the light of sun and moon and

stars shone with another luster, potent and revealing. I heard the pealing of trumpets and tocsins, the shouting of multitudes, whispers, cries of command, cries of agony, the crash and rumble of chariots, the cry of camel-drivers coming in from the desert, the crack of whips, the sounds of all the days and nights of a hundred generations. . . .

Yet it was not chaos. In all, through all, there was a striving, an urging to utterance. These multitudes that have lived and died here have lived in a drama of more than secular import. These hills that surround the city have not sprung blindly out of the earth. There was a purpose, a sharp will, goading these multitudes, a tone in this life which tingled in their blood. Who has not been in Jerusalem, who has not invested it, who has not passed under the invisible canopy? Nations of the North and South, nations of the East and West, Egyptian and Assyrian and Greek and Roman and Arab and Crusader and Turk—like an inquisition chamber this was, into which God led nation after nation for the test, and the question pealed about them and their fate depended on the

answer. And they were dumb! They felt the secret compulsion, but they could not understand it. They stared about them, dully, and lived their day, and passed, to yield place to another. Save one alone which, among these multitudes, strained its ears, caught its breath, and in startled exaltation stammered something in reply, cried out, half unwitting of its own words. And these words have gone ringing on, and cannot die out. It was here, the constellation of circumstances for which time had waited; the spark caught, the light flashed out. The place, the moment, and the men, all created for each other, come together at last. From that passionate conjuncture issued those words, the voice of Jerusalem.

Chapter IV

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

PALESTINE, August, 1924.

A toy lamp on a rickety table in a bare, white-washed room; outside, twilight falling on a tiny village set in a tremendous theater of mountains and valleys; dogs barking; the last flocks tinkling their way back; the moon shining in at an angle through a window; winds lifting up a thousand doleful voices in a ravine near by; a suggestion of desolation—Metullah, the Jewish post at the extreme north of Palestine. At the foot of the only village street, the barracks of the frontier police. And standing massive guard over the whole country, Hermon, twenty miles away, mute, immovable, and immanent.

Two powers pervade the country of northern Galilee: Mount Hermon and the memory of Joseph Trumpeldor. Wherever you stand, both are there, a strange alliance between the marvelously old and the poignantly new. So vivid

are the two, so immediate and insistent, that I believe some day a legend will go forth from this north country, a legend that Mount Hermon is the monument of Joseph Trumpeldor.

I do not purpose to tell here the story of the life and death of Trumpeldor—a theme which has already spread beyond the confines of the Jewish people, and has inspired the pen of an Arab poet. But Trumpeldor is a symbol of the change which is coming over Jewish life, the release of the energy which has lain stored within it, and which is bringing back its children from the ends of the earth. A soldier crippled in defense of the ingrate land of his birth, Holy Russia, he returned to Palestine among the Jewish legionaries, and gave up the sword for the plow. He chose as the scene of his labor the tiny settlement of Tel Hai, and with a handful of companions, men and women, he made his home in the northern desolation. Here, in a surprise assault, he gave up his life, which he might have saved through an act of treachery; and with him, equally steadfast to their word, fell some of his companions, men and women. It is a story of the simplest kind, but the charac-

ter of the man, the circumstances which surrounded the tragedy, the clear beauty of motive which runs through the history of the settlement, have made of the individual a type. No one knows how legends rise, but the new history of the Jew already has legends, and among the strongest and most moving is the legend of Trumpeldor.

The grave of Trumpeldor is on a barren slope outside the settlement. Two miles to the north, beyond an intervening slope, is the tiny settlement of Kfar Gileadi, and here a little circular garden, twenty feet across, fenced off with wooden pegs, is tended with infinite love. In this plot of earth Trumpeldor was buried first, with his companions; years afterward the bodies were taken out, and taken back to Tel Hai; but the ground that once contained them is sacred forever.

It was all told to me very plainly, with a simplicity which shames the professional writer. These young people, who lived through it, and who refused to abandon their foothold of Jewish earth, loved Trumpeldor. There is not even reverence in their recollection of him; it is just

a tacit pride in the memory of one of their own, a leader, but one of themselves. In the engulfing loneliness they go on with their work, till the soil, care for the cattle, build their houses, bear hunger and sickness. They have no time for heroics. Their talk is mainly of cows, and oxen, dunams of planted soil, sickness, roads yet to be built, markets, purchases, capital and credit. But, like their brothers of the Valley of Yizreel, they are aware, with varying degrees of clarity, that this labor is not a blind reflex action to the obvious needs of life. There is a tone in their work which is not sounded in the early records of other countries. This is not the unconscious urge, the primitive, deadly will of undeveloped peoples. These are civilized and sophisticated men and women, not peasants, bodies and souls of the mute, enduring earth. It is not the vitality of the lower form of life, rough-hewn to meet the corrosion and pressure of the wild. It is something infinitely higher—the delicacy of high development combined with the ardor and the resistance of the brute.

You can stand on a hill in Metullah and look down toward the Hula Valley, in the direction

of the waters of Merom, and you can see the three outposts of the north, Tel Hai, Kfar Gileadi, Metullah. They are nothing but clusters of houses in a monstrous waste—clusters of houses surrounded by stretches of green. I cried out in amazement: "Why do they come out here, from the ends of the earth, from the easier West, from the cities, from the schools? Why do they endure, why do they hunger, why do they continue year after year, here in this ghastly glory of mountains and ravines?" They themselves answered me, *"Binyan Ha-aretz"*—the building of the land. But that is no answer. It is an evasion.

I went into their cemeteries and their nurseries, the two certain possessions of their colonies, to find an answer. These are the past and the future, both equally binding. These colonies are the paradise of children. The parents taste meat once or twice a week; they labor from morning till night; they worry from morning till night; they dress in rags; they forget the temptations of the city. But no want comes near their children. The children are at peace. And the dead are at peace.

It is even so in the colonies of the Emek, the Valley of Yizreel. Out of the past comes strength, and that strength is poured into the future. I cannot think of any other pioneering country where the outposts have their nurseries, their kindergartens, and their modern teachers. I do not know of any other land that was built by intellectuals, peasants and road-builders who speak the language of the universities. Isolated experiments of this kind I have heard of, groups drawn together by a theory or an ethical passion. But never have I heard of them as a nation, thousands and tens of thousands.

From a mountain top half an hour's ride to the south of Nazareth I looked down into the Valley of Yizreel. I saw the whole vast level, from the foot of the Carmel range to the lower hills that hide the valley of the Jordan but do not screen off the blue mountains of Ammon beyond. Through field glasses I caught here and there the shimmer of red and white roofs, a tiny settlement of Jewish pioneers. There are springing up new and more glorious cities of the plain, Nahalaal, Ain Charod, Kfar Ezekiel. Cities? They are less than villages. Yet they

are mightier than London and New York and Paris, for they are the bearers of a spirit which was born long before these, and will long outlive them.

Reality and unreality! I went riding one dreamy summer day along the path which winds through the Valley of Yizreel. Along this path, some twenty-five centuries ago, the bearers of the same spirit returned from Babylon, to clothe it again in forms which the intelligence can apprehend: cities and villages and schools, teachers and laws and proverbs. That exile of the spirit lasted seventy years, and this one has lasted two thousand years. The spirit was the reality, and these settlements were the images! The double nature of the Jew was made manifest to me, intense actuality and intense abstraction. The Jew is remote from worldly limitations; he dreams of God and of the last days, of the apotheosis of mankind and of the ultimate purpose of life. He is vigorously real. He takes up with simple and unconfused common sense the tasks of the day, and what is before him he sees not through a blur of romantic glamour, but

hard-cut, clean-lit. Only he that walks with God dare look life in the face.

It was this which made out of an unimportant peasant people (what was Palestine, even in the days of Solomon, compared with the power of Assyria or of Egypt?) the masters of Life and the Word. Numbers do not make greatness; bulk does not make strength. The universe reflected itself in the life of a province. The same concentration of infinity in the image of daily life occurs again in the Valley of Yizreel. All life's problems are reproduced here, in the life of a score of little colonies; but the answer that will be given will be as remote from the spirit of the western world as were the answers given more than twenty centuries ago.

. . . . . .

You come abruptly on the Sea of Galilee. You have been making, hour after hour, the dusty circles of the hills. Always, on one side, the sunlit upward slope, on the other, the sunlit downward slope; and the road, a spiral ridge, now ascending, now descending. Here and there green oases of conquest, here and there fab-

ulously ancient cities twinkling up at the sun. Hours of sunlight and dusk, rocks, stone, hedges —and then, or ever you are aware, there is an intense dazzle of blue, not a color, but a spear-head of sensation driven like a flash into the brain. At first you do not know where it comes from. Then, as your mind undazzles, you see a great bowl of lustrous hills, and at the bottom, level, polished, burning like a sapphire, the Sea of Galilee.

No waves, no motion, no life. Not water, but luminous, polished stone. The spiral bends again; the sapphire is extinguished. You come round again on a lower level, and the sea lies broad to the view, and on one side is Tiberias, a pinch of diamond-dust encrusted in a fold of hills.

I saw the Jordan for the first time when I went down from Tiberias toward Degania and crossed it on the wooden bridge built by our pioneers. I came north again from Degania, and the sun was hidden behind the western rim of the bowl, and the moon, almost full, was rising above Ammon and shining on the sea. High up on the slope, between Degania and Tiberias,

staring full at the moon and the moonlit sea, I saw the Yeshiva of Meir Baal Ness. Old men sit there, studying day and night, and when they lift up their eyes from the ancient books, they look out upon magic waters. Sometimes they walk, in the cool of the evening, on the crumbling terrace of their home, and in their minds there is a dreamy confusion of the lore they have been studying, and the vanished years, and the wind and the sea and the moonlight. Who are these old men? He who would see in the colonies of the Emek only a settlement of peasants, would see in these old men only a collection of Oriental beggars who live on the charity of Jewry and squabble among themselves for the wretched income. He would see in their lore only superstition, and in their devotion only obstinacy. He who sees further, would understand that beyond all earthly tangles and meannesses, they were meant to perpetuate something greater than themselves. Within an external life adapted to the foulness of the outer world, lay in intense stillness the seed which they were bidden to carry until the time of its blossoming. Their day passes. The blue grain of eternal fire has

been preserved, and breaks into flame-blossom now in the new life of Palestine.

Between them and the young pioneers there is a bond stronger than either suspects. Men are not wholly aware of the part they play in history. An illusion of individuality overwhelms in each one the realization of a spirit which transcends all individuals. The men and women who are returning from the ends of the earth to Palestine feel the compulsion as something peculiarly their own. They do not see it as part of the vast tapestry which is still weaving itself in the strands of single lives. It is their own lives they are concerned with, their own hunger that they seek to still. But in them a greater hunger is being stilled, the hunger for life of a spirit which has not lived itself out.

Chapter V

STILL HUNGRY FOR LIFE

To understand what is meant by "a spirit which has lived itself out," go to Egypt, and consider what has happened to the civilization which once found embodiment in that country. But do not go to the desert and to the Pyramids. These are almost as they were thousands of years ago. Go instead among the people who inhabit the place, into the cities, Cairo and Alexandria and Port Said. What remains of the ancient religion and culture of Egypt among these millions who sweat in the fields and cities of Egypt? Who remembers in his daily life the thoughts and ambitions of the millions who made up the lost sublimity of the empires? For all that it matters to the spirit of the place, the Pharaohs might never have been. They do not exist even as an alien influence. Not a ritual, not a ceremony bereft of inner meaning, has come down to the Egypt of our day. There is

as little spiritual affinity between the Khan Khalili and the Sphinx as there is between the Woolworth Building and the bones of a mastodon unearthed somewhere near the sources of the Hudson River. There is only the accident of geographic propinquity.

Neither the language, nor the race, nor the culture, nor the dreams of present-day Egypt have anything to do with the Egypt that was. There is no consciousness of continuity. There is no call to the present from the past. Egypt is utterly dead. Whatever significance she achieved thousands of years ago has passed away from her, has been disintegrated, and the fragments have been worked into the general culture of mankind. The personality is no more. The book was printed once; the type has been distributed.

The inspiration of present-day Egypt is not drawn from that remote splendor. No masses are moved by watchwords that were current in those days. No passions have been transmitted to the present-day inhabitants. If a hundred years from now Egypt should rise to the rank of a great nation, it would have as little to do

with the Pyramid builders as the greatness of the Middle West with the dreams of Hiawatha.

So dead is Egypt. Consider, in contrast, the power that still lives in Jewish Palestine. It makes and unmakes lives. It seizes on individuals thousands of miles apart and shakes them with the same inspiration. It uproots men and women by the tens of thousands and carries them across seas. It undoes the outward habits of generations, and that it may find satisfaction, it struggles triumphantly with the external pressure of a whole world. It lays its command on individuals who thought themselves forever beyond the reach of its mandate.

Theodor Herzl, the founder of the Zionist Organization, was one who might reasonably have been considered lost to the Jewish people, a man rooted securely outside the pale of influence of the Jewish spirit. A little more than thirty years ago he was a successful Viennese journalist, worked completely into the pattern of the *fin de siècle* Paris of the South, speaking its catchwords, delighting in its sophisticated culture, contributing to it. I cannot think of a world remoter from the apocalyptic nature of

Zionism, or of a man to whom its appeal can have been less intimate. In that world "where great ideas perished, done to death by a witticism," Zionism *might* have become a passing mode—one of the shallow sentimentalisms which abound among the supersophisticated. It might have appeared and disappeared among thousands of other fashionable amusements, the rage and the jest of one season, the ancient history of the next. It was into that world, and to such a man, that Palestine sent its word. It laid hold of the man like a madness, compelled him against his own understanding, and made of him one of the legendary figures in the history of our people.

How did this come about? Again we can see only the outward mechanism of the miracle. To Herzl, Jewry was a sociological problem, forced on his attention by the Dreyfus trial, which he was sent to report. So a man might become interested in the problem of the American Indian. Of Jewish culture Herzl had none. He was not acquainted with our literature. He was not even aware of the existence of a disjointed Zionism movement and of an imme-

morial Zionist passion. It simply occurred to him as a good thing that the Jewish problem should be settled. At one time he thought that the best way out of it would be the mass conversion of the Jews. Later, realizing the impossibility of such a project, he conceived the idea of a mass return of the Jews to Palestine. But he was not aware of the nature of the fierce power which he had tapped. At another time he was prepared to answer the Jewish problem by a mass immigration to some other center—to Uganda, offered by the British government. It was then that he became aware of another element—the decisive element—in Zionism; it was not simply a solution of the physical problem of the Jews. It was the solution of a deeper problem—the homelessness of the Jewish spirit, which could not be alienated from Palestine, which drew toward that center with unerring and unfaltering will. Herzl thought himself dominated by a modernist conception of the needs of the Jewish people. Actually he was in the grip of the Jewish spirit, which utilized him, as it utilizes millions of others, for its self-expression. He could no more turn the will of

that spirit from Palestine than he could have affected the conversion of the Jewish people to Roman Catholicism. Carried through the centuries within the ritualistic net work of a whole people, Palestine had conquered Herzl even before the Uganda offer. But how complete that conquest was, he understood only when he attempted to rebel against it.

This is what I mean by something that lives and compels the lives of individuals. The greatness of Herzl has made of him the symbol of Zionism, but with him there were men who might illustrate as aptly the living nature of Jewish Palestine. It might appear as though the Jewish spirit had spoken to this effect: "I could choose for my banner-bearer some new Baal Shem of the Carpathian Mountains—a wild figure descending from the wilderness upon the corrupt cities, speaking a prophetic tongue to the children who have forgotten me—one untouched by the unclean wisdom of the modern Babylons. I will choose instead one from among them, a man versed in their ways, sunk in their life. I will pick him out of the salons of delightful and joyous Vienna, with the music of Strauss and of

Ivanovich still ringing in his ears, a dandy in a city where the only crime is enthusiasm. And through him I will work my wonders." As Herzl was, so were many of his compeers. And as they were, so are many of the modern pioneers of Palestine.

I said that they have come back from the ends of the world—but this must be understood in more than the physical sense. For from Vienna of the nineties to the Palestine of the prophets is from one end of the world to the other. And equally great is the distance between the world in which our pioneers have been steeped, and the world to which they cleave now. If Herzl was lost to Jewry in a world of intellectual self-sufficiency, many of our pioneers were lost to it in the fever of a revolt against all that is the past. Both in spiritual and in economic life, tradition meant to them less than nothing, intelligence all. They brought to their radicalism the unique fervor of the Jew—and carried it so far that it foredid itself. In their creative fury they banded themselves together to found a new world—so new that it became identical with the one which their forbears had dreamed of three

thousand years ago. The resemblance was not accidental and not without significant consequences. In their first revolt they had schooled themselves to look on Hebrew as the language of superstition, the refuge of an entrenched priesthood and of a class which the priesthood defended. The very name of Palestine was anathema, for it was the keystone in that underground vault of traditional tyranny. Now they discovered that what they sought was identical with what Judaism, stripped to its essentials, had always demanded. They found that their dream was worked into the blood of their people, and they were drawn to the place where that dream had first been dreamed, and to the language in which it had first been made intelligible to others. The spiritual kinship exerted itself irresistibly. An "irreligious" radical as devoted to Palestine, to the renaissance of a Jewish homeland, and to the Hebrew language, as the most passionate pietist—this was the completion of the circle. In the Valley of Jezreel they are all at one, the colony of the Jabloner Rabbi and the colonies of the Russian Jewish socialists.

On them, no less than on Herzl, had the Jewish spirit laid its compulsion. They dreamed their dream in their own way, but thereby made their lives forfeit to a great thing outside their individual selves. The Jewish spirit claimed them, uprooted them from the place they had known, commanded them to suffer, hunger, labor, for its sake.

I cannot understand why Jews should base their claim to a Jewish homeland in Palestine upon bare historic data, saying that since our forefathers lived there for a thousand years or more, we, their descendants, are entitled to return. It would not matter to me if "we" had lived there only a hundred years, and if we were intermarried by now beyond all ethnic recognition. One fact alone matters, a fact less palpable to the material way of thought, but one which transcends all other things and directs them. The spirit which was born in Palestine between twenty and thirty centuries ago, which has recorded itself in the Bible, which has given personality to that country, was driven forth *alive,* in the person of the group which it invested. Had that spirit died in exile, there would

have been nothing more to say. But it did not die. By the tokens which I have mentioned, it still lives, still suffers, still compels the lives of men and women. Its demand for a return to the place of its birth is not fictitious. We have been offered land more tempting—but the spirit that is in us refuses to respond. If there is any meaning at all in an hereditary culture, in the forces which move among us to make us something more than the brute, then we can base our claim on something greater than the need of the individual—the need of a spirit which cannot live itself out except in the place of its birth.

Chapter VI

THE UNDYING WORD

Of all the arts the greatest is the art of life—by which I mean the expression of our views on the universe in the manner of our living, ourselves as the conscious symbols of God. This, some will say, is not art, for art implies some special craft or craftsmanship. But it differs from art or craft only in its special sincerity (Is it without significance that from the words *art* and *craft* we get the words *artful* and *crafty?*) It is an "art" which embraces the whole of life and gives the directive to all spiritual activities; in a word, it is religion. Conversely, when art springs from life's necessity, where the artist creates, even to his own discomfort, because of a fierce inner drive, because *c'est plus fort que lui,* art approaches religion. *Ars est celare artem* is a decadent, inverse expression of this truth.

The supreme artist is not conscious that he is hiding anything; he is simply not aware that he is being "artistic." In this true and final sense the Hebrew prophets were supreme artists, despising the artistic.

But it is wrong to imagine that a religion differs from the narrower concept of art in the manner of its birth. The religion of a people is the product of a time, a place, and a disposition; just like other aspects of culture, it cannot be born *in vacuo;* and it cannot be evoked, much less can it be endowed with power, through philosophic abstraction. The poignancy of a religion resides in its intimate association with a specific complex of limitations. The abstractions of the religion deal with universal values —just as (to refer to the example I have already used) *Faust* does. But in the same way the strength of the religion, its thrust, depends on the material of the expression.

A given life, peculiar to a given people, in a given time and place, gave birth to the first forms of Christianity. Jesus himself, as far as we can reconstruct him, was the product of Jewish life in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago—

taking that life to mean not only its contemporaneous forms, but the accumulations of tradition resident in those forms. The morality of Jesus was heir to the morality of the rabbis, but, for definite reasons, it took on a singular character of impossibilism or other-worldliness. The sweetness of that morality, its gentleness, its humility, do not differ from the same qualities in the morality of the rabbis. A digest of the sayings of the rabbis will cover, in content and in spirit (and often with a startling similarity of form), all the early Christian morality. Whoever Jesus was, he was not an isolated apparition. Any attempt at a reconstruction of him is impossible without an appreciation of the life and spirit of the Jewish people, its culture and emotions, a generation or two before the destruction of the Temple.

Wherein do the Old and the New Testaments differ from each other in their best ethical moments? This is the question which we are inclined to ask first. But as soon as we understand that the foundation of New Testament ethics lies in the morality of the rabbis, another question should precede this; namely, whence

arose the difference in spirit between the ethical literature of the rabbis and that of the prophets? We shall understand this only by reference to the history of the Jews. The same hunger for the absolute runs through the spirit of the Jewish people in Old and New Testament days. But in New Testament days the Jews had long been an unhappy, conquered people. They were remote from the days of their first conquests, the onrush of their first physical vitality. Their last happy recollection was the war of the Maccabees, but in the end they had only exchanged the yoke of the Syrian Greeks for the yoke of Rome. Their relation to the element of force in life had undergone a change. There was a sweetness, a patience, a stress on forgiveness (tempered by flashes of the old, impatient rage which broke out at times even in Jesus), which was a natural adaptation to circumstances. It was this adaptation which enabled them to survive.

But the reaction of the Jewish people to its misfortunes was not uniform. There were elements which were unable to bear long subjection with the yielding patience of the strong-willed. There were hysterical groups which found life

tolerable only in the refuge of immediate apocalyptic hopes. Without the intervention of some tremendous world-cataclysm there was no prospect of freedom,[1] and it is among the weakest that the wish most readily fathers the thought. The material for such illusions did not have to be invented *ab ovo;* for the whole apocalyptic literature of the period bears the stamp of alien influence. But these superstitions, adapted to the need of some Jews, were not strictly in line with the development of Jewish dogma and tradition, and the morality which developed from these superstitions was, in like fashion, an adaptation of a peculiar kind not in consonance with historical Judaism.

If, taking the Bible as an organic whole, we contrast the superstitions of the Old Testament with those of the New, we notice that after a general forward development, there is a sudden retrogression. In the Old Testament the superstitions had gradually become incidental. On the whole, God was emerging, in the imagination

[1] "When Rome, the head of the world, shall have fallen, who can doubt that the end is come of human things, ay, of the earth itself?" (Lactantius, quoted by Guizot. Lactantius lived three centuries later, but the sentiment was very old in his time.)

of the Jews, as a concept which begins to approximate to the concept of the free intellectual. From the God of the Pentateuch (allowing for interpolations as in Deuteronomy) to the God of the Isaiahs we have almost the entire range of spiritual development in man, while in the New Testament a tremendous superstition is suddenly thrust into the field of religious concept. No Jewish prophet has ever been presented as the Son of God in that simple and literal sense which is claimed for Jesus. The anthropomorphism of the Jewish religion had long since receded from that stage. And no Jewish prophet had ever said, "Believe in *me* and you will be saved." The superstitions of the Jews were many, but none of them was essential to a grasp of the meaning of their religion. Even the stress on individual immortality had crept in as an alien influence. In spite of all the incidental superstitions of his religion, the Jew could meditate on the Godhead in a mystical rapture which brought before him the vast unity of man and God and Nature. In that unity the intrusion of the divine sonship of Jesus is an incomprehensible and jarring retrogression. What (if we

take the Bible as a whole) has this to do with that rapt simplicity which was slowly emerging from the totality of Jewish religious experience? Why suddenly a son?

This alien concept, so repugnant to the spirit of Judaism, cannot possibly be conceded as an essential feature of the earliest forms of Christianity—the Christianity before the writing of the Gospels. The apocalyptic spirit of the time was not essentially Jewish, but it was not in violent and flagrant contradiction to the Jewish spirit—that is why some of it entered the canon, while the greatest part of it was excluded. A son of God was not non-Jewish, but anti-Jewish, as a concept. It is hard to tell when the divine sonship of Jesus was first suggested among the earliest Christians, and in this respect the contents of Gospels can help us little, since their date and their authorship, as well as their textual purity, are alike uncertain. But to understand the true, the authentic, character of earliest Christianity, we must first put ourselves in sympathy with that crushed minority among the Jews who were seeking refuge in psychological flight. The burden of the world, with its cruelty,

its evil, had become too heavy to be borne. To retain any faith at all they had to believe that this *could* not last; to think otherwise was incompatible with the existence of the God of Abraham, the God who had brought their forefathers out of Egypt. A new order, then, was surely at hand, a change so sudden, so far-reaching, so drastic, that it actually meant the coming of a new world. They marked their sense of the uniqueness of the event by referring to it as the establishment of God's kingdom, ascribing to it an importance comparable only with that of the creation itself. It could be occasioned by nothing less than a renewal of God's purpose, and if not carried out by Him direct, it called at least for the intervention of him who had been designated for this purpose from of old—the Messiah. There was no need to invoke, among Jews, the idea of an only begotten Son; for the end of this world called traditionally for the coming of the Messiah.

From such beliefs there flowed naturally a special aspect of morality. I have already alluded to the natural adaptation of Jewish

morality to the new conditions of Jewish national life; but that adaptation was unnaturally exaggerated when it was reformulated to answer to the hysteria of the rising superstition. Among the prophets, as among the rabbis, morality was realistic. It dealt with human beings. The first Isaiah was a stern, upright patrician. He saw the world as it was, with rich and poor, with captains of fifty, with judges and princes and honorable men. The reality of life was not invalidated by the dreams of "the last days." Until the end of the world man is what he is; there are the weak and the strong, the helpless and the able, the wise and the simple, and out of these divisions spring the forms of an organized society. Until the end of the world, life is kept going by labor and harvest, by master and servant, and some are lazy and gluttonous, and some are cruel; and few will work unless driven by hunger. For the regulation of such a world, Isaiah spoke in the name of God. The moral injunctions of the rabbis were no less realistic. Like those of the prophets, they were extreme, but they dealt with the accepted order of things,

an order rooted, as far as they could see, in natures unchangeable until God ordained the end of things.

But all these distinctions of society, the organized forms of life, became matters of indifference to those who saw by the light of the impending dissolution. In the kingdom of God would be neither master nor slave, neither labor nor want. The early Christian, or his corresponding type, saw only the love which was to govern all things, and where there is universal love, moral precepts become superfluous—except as commentaries—social distinctions become meaningless; the creaking machinery of courts and judges and princes becomes obsolete and is forgotten.

The infinite purification which the early Christians sought could only go hand in hand with faith in the immanence of the new world. For, if there yet were long centuries of life before this old world, with human instincts reverting to their proper self-expression, who could expect the continuation of this high ecstasy? Perhaps the one single point which best expresses this difference was the spread of the cult

of celibacy among Jews overtaken by the apocalyptic frenzy. Among a healthy people, strong in the will to life, barrenness is a curse, and celibacy a crime, and at all times, ancient and modern, this has been the view of Judaism. But with the world at hand where there would be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, nor begetting of children, what sense was there in taking a wife? The business of this world was done, and one thing was left as the ideal of its few remaining moments: withdrawal from its confusion, and preparation for the tremendous event.

. . . . . .

In this large and general sense, I repeat, Christianity, such as it was in the beginning, was an expression of Jewish life and could not have been born elsewhere. It is the failure to understand this which has given rise to many foolish discussions concerning the racial origin of Jesus. Renan has already hinted that Jesus was not necessarily a Jew. He came (Renan reminds us) from a section of the country which was thickly populated by aliens, *Galil Ha-Goyim,* Galilee of the gentiles. This hint was later caught up by

the most vigorous of the Nordic proponents. Perhaps Jesus was even of Philistine origin; that is, an Aryan, and not a Semite. And if this be the case—and in certain quarters such a suggestion need only be repeated twice to become incontrovertible fact—then the world is *not* beholden to Jews for the Christian religion. It is an absurd and pointless rebuttal. Equally absurd—and equally ungenerous—is the belief that Jesus was an avatar who brought his concepts with him out of the void. Primitive Christianity was not the product of Jesus. It was the product of the totality of Jewish life, subject to surrounding influences.

This is true of both the content and the particular art (using that word in its most decent sense) with which Christianity first uttered itself. The forms of the sayings, the exquisiteness of the fables, the illustrations and allusions, belong to the time and place, and all the power of the New Testament is drawn from its quick and sensitive relationship to that lost, obscure little country, with its agonies, its dreams, its struggles. These, and these alone, gave carrying power to the personality of Jesus. I do not for-

get, of course, the ineffable sweetness and vividness of that mysterious individual which a hundred irrelevant myths fail to obscure. But it was love for his people, his wretched and oppressed and perplexed people, which consumed Jesus. His thought was not for the world at large, but for the Jews, his near and dear ones. He thought in terms of their life; he suffered with them; to them he gave himself, and for them he agonized.

If we understand in this wise the secret of the birth of Christianity among the Jews, we shall also understand in what manner its transplantation into an alien world was bound to affect it; and we shall further understand the reasons for its success and its failure.

It was Saul of Tarsus who first carried Christianity with effective persistence outside the ranks of the Jewish people, and there is something strangely suggestive in the fact that Saul was not a Palestinian Jew. He was a Roman citizen who lived outside of Palestine and was more exposed than the first Apostles to the wild currents of non-Jewish superstition which were then running through that part of the world.

Most significant of all, Saul had never even seen Jesus. What rôle Saul himself played in welding the personality of Jesus into the framework of alien superstitions does not matter. But this assimilated Jew, like all assimilated Jews, failed to understand the secret of nationalism; like all "mission" Jews he sought to preserve in an international terminology that which had consistent meaning only when understood in its nationalist setting. The final result was, of course, not the Christianity of Jesus or of his first followers; it was a strange mixture in which the early fragrance of Palestine could survive only a few generations.

The appeal of Christianity to the non-Jewish world was necessarily different from its appeal to the Jews. To the Jews (even while for most it ran to unacceptable extremes) it was homelike, familiar. The Messiah, as a name, was with them a household word. The world in which Jesus moved was their own world, the life in which he dealt was their own life, the literature to which he made constant reference was their own literature. For this reason the first foothold of Christianity outside of Palestine was also

among the Jewish communities. To the non-Jewish world the Old Testament merely had the academic value of evidence; it had foretold the coming of Jesus (though it is strange that the Son of God did not carry enough identification with himself). But to the Jewish world the Old Testament was an organic part of themselves. The first Jewish Christians did not dream of the abrogation of the Mosaic law. The belief that the Messiah had come contradicted no article of their orthodoxy; on the contrary, their orthodoxy sustained that belief. But, being orthodox, they could not have believed in a Son of God, which was blasphemy. They had a special family reason for invoking the advent of the Messiah. They had a family connection with the son of David. While the non-Jewish world sought to trace Jesus back to David for the sake of argument, the Jews saw a particular, national point in the relation, a point connected with the confusion of the rest of the world. No wonder the Christianity which grew up in the non-Jewish world and rolled back upon Palestine found the Jewish Christians, the Ebionites, heretics.

Apocalyptic Christianity, which appealed to the Jews nationally, appealed individually to the millions of oppressed who suffered in the Roman world. I cannot for a moment doubt that, in that superstitious era, it was the superstitious force of Christianity which insured its success. That harassed and wretched slaves should be attracted merely by the moral grandeur of an ethical ideal, should rejoice in the contemplation of the abstract brotherhood of man, in the theoretical equality of high and low, is inconceivable. Their misery asked for comfort of a more human kind. The salvation after death, the assurance that the Christ would welcome the obscure before all others, and best of all, the belief that he was returning shortly in person to dissolve in fire the Roman world and all earthly might—this is what gave the apostles their illimitable strength. And, as in Judea, these superstitions carried with them their corresponding impossibilist morality, proper to a world which was momently expecting dissolution. That belief in an immanent dissolution of the world was, of course, to be found in other literatures, and else-

where, too, had given rise to a corresponding "last moment" morality.

But the subsequent development of Christianity shows what an unnatural and rootless thing the cult had become. To the Jews the son of David was the savior, but to the non-Jewish world, who was this son of an obscure barbarian chieftain? *They* needed, for their purpose, as many other cults had needed, the Son of God. And there the natural advance of the Old Testament was suddenly thrown back. The long upward process was arrested by a disturbing intrusion, which all the ingenuities of sophistication were later unable to explain. God was removed from contemplative purity and became part of an argument; instead of being felt, he was to be understood. Not without the indirect aid of another assimilated Jew, Greek subtlety was invoked to assimilate the Son-Emanation to the Logos. Father and Son and Holy Ghost were involved in impossible refinements of thought, so gossamer-like that the infatuated thinker only half believes he has grasped them. What was left of that grand and passionate assimilation of

the individual—without intermediary—to the heart of the Godhead, as the prophets had preached it?

But this gigantic superstition, brought in from the outside, was ultimately bound up with others, with a God born in the winter solstice, with a dying God, with a God resurrected in the spring of the year. In time, as the apocalyptic side of Christianity faded—as it was bound to, with the successive disappointment of generations—and as the corresponding morality also faded, there was left, as the heart of Christian dogma, this strange replica of the universal nature-religions. What did this have to do with the Jews? What did it have to do with their Old Testament, with their hopes, their Messiah?

Thus, in the end, the Jewish people who had brought forth, out of their own life, the exquisite beauty of the Christian incident, became the victims of the perverted and unnatural Christianity which the world made of it; and Jesus, the savior of mankind, became the world-wide oppressor of his own kin. Instead of understanding that the purity and greatness of Christianity had lain in the separateness and individuality of the

Jewish people—as the purity and greatness of any culture lies in the separateness and individuality of the people which brings it to birth—the gentile Christian world attempted to undermine all national individuality by regimentation. More than seventeen centuries after the death of Jesus a great historian who had not even the excuse of vehement faith could pen this stupid passage: "The obligation of preaching to the gentiles the faith of Moses had never been inculcated as a precept of the law, nor were the Jews inclined to impose it on themselves as a voluntary duty. In the admission of new citizens, that unsocial people was actuated by the vanity of the Greeks, rather than by the generous policy of Rome. The descendants of Abraham were flattered by the opinion that they alone were the heirs of the covenant, and they were apprehensive of diminishing the value of their inheritance by sharing it too easily with the strangers of the earth." He could not understand, apparently, that the inheritance of national individuality cannot be shared at will; he could not understand that Christianity had even been a disastrous attempt, launched by

Saul, to share this inheritance with the "strangers of the earth"—and least of all did he understand, in spite of his hatred of Christianity, that the dreaded diminution in value had actually taken place, though not in the offensive sense which he had imputed to the Jews.[1]

A world which could not become Christian because it was not Jewish demanded that the Jew become pseudo-Christian by ceasing to be a Jew, demanded that he yield himself up and be lost. In this the Jew refused to acquiesce, for his spirit had not yet run its course. The inheritance was destined to indue other forms and express itself in new utterances of form. Frustrated many centuries, it still hopes to weave itself into significant illustrations, and draws home again today for the accomplishment of this task.

[1] It is remarkable enough that in the same chapter of his *Decline and Fall,* Gibbon shows that the Romans understood well the difference between the *individual* views of the Christians and the *national* cult of the Jews. What a pity that Gibbon could not imitate the spirit of tolerance which he so admired in the ancient pagans!

Chapter VII

THE FLIGHT FROM DESTINY

Since a race culture cannot survive unless it is embodied in an environment, the culture of the Jew, as I have pointed out, has continued to transmit an environment within an environment ever since it was torn out of its native soil. With the outward, or symbolic, means by which this astonishing feat—probably unique in human experience—was accomplished, I have already dealt; in the chapter which follows this, I shall deal with the inter-racial or inter-group morality which it implies. In the present chapter I wish to deal with the most recent attempt which has been made, under cover of an evasion, to destroy the instruments of Jewish survival.

The so-called Reform movement began—not very clearly—with an apparent desire to modernize Judaism, or, at least, to modernize the ritual. This meant, of course, giving to Judaism an outward form which made it less conspicuously different from the religious forms of the

surrounding world. As Reform Judaism became self-conscious, this change in form and ritual inevitably went on hand in hand with a change in ideological content. By methods which I enumerate in this chapter, Judaism, which had been an hereditary group culture, or civilization, of such an intense character as to make it identical with religion, was gradually reduced to a bald and uninspiring system of ethics and philosophy; and while it claimed to renew the Jewish faith by adapting it to "the times," it was merely symptomatic of the destructive forces continuously at work within the Jewish people. I have tried to show, throughout this book, that abstract ideas—the purest and loftiest—carry no weight in books unless they are reflected in the mirror of a given life and time, and that, correspondingly, they carry no weight in life itself unless embodied in a given culture and civilization. If Judaism is merely ethics, it does not differ from Unitarianism except in the relative importance which it ascribes to one great figure among many; namely, Jesus. To pretend that the ethics of Judaism are in their nature "higher" than those of Christianity is absurd, as well as

meaningless—for, with the disappearance of the apocalyptic motif from the latter, the two are in theory almost identical, and actually derive from the same source. Does the Jew differ from the Unitarian, as from other monotheistic idealists, by race? The racial motif is absent from pure Reform Judaism, and as I shall show below, the vigilant consciousness of race which informs the ritual of orthodox or nationalist Judaism is deliberately repressed in the Reform ritual; it is the proper business of Reform Judaism *totzuschweigen* the idea that Jews constitute a race.

To this end, Reform Judaism attempted to strip Judaism of all the attributes of a racially transmitted civilization, and in this respect it resembles the Christianity of later Jewish Christians who were not Ebionites; that is, the Jews who saw in Palestinian-born Christianity something that could be transmitted, without essential change, to the rest of the world. It was Christianity (in a conspiracy against Jesus) which made the first concerted ideological assault against the idea of a separate Jewish nationalism, which sought to undermine the living forces

which had given it form and fire in the beginning. Ideally speaking, I should say that the best Reform Jews are in a great deal similar to the first Pauline Christians.

The dissimilarities, however, are also significant; if some Jews, in those early days, were prepared to give up their national identity, it was to seek, in a universal ideal, relief from the wretchedness of their state. The Jewish national Christians looked for the end of the world; the Jewish anti-national Christians looked for the end of the Jewish people. It was weakness, but weakness under overwhelming pressure. But Reform Judaism best flourishes where there is no oppression; it is therefore the weakness of decay.

A curious paradox which issues from this dissimilarity is the double claim of Reform Judaism: one, that the Jews have a mission; two, that Reform Judaism is modernizing the Jew and making him more palatable to the Christian. One thing is clear to me, that the person with a mission must not be concerned with the question of popularity or palatability. A mission is a dangerous and fiery thing; its bearers must be prepared for calumny and oppression. The prim-

itive Christians were; the Reform Jews are not. They want both a mission and popularity. They cannot have both, unless their sole mission is to make themselves popular.

The motivating force behind Reform Judaism was not a higher standard of ethics or of philosophy. It was the desire of Jews to look more like their neighbors. The subconscious, and often the overt, appeal was: Why offend the gentiles by being unnecessarily different? I need hardly point out that the mere desire not to offend, respectable as it is, is not the seed from which an affirmative religion can spring.

The hunger for peaceful conformity, for obliteration, impelled them to unbuild all of that Jewish environment within a gentile environment which had been the body of the Jewish spirit. They began to delete from the ritual all that implied a Jewish race and a Jewish nationalism, and from the formulæ of their faith whatever might imply a national destiny for the Jewish people. They eliminated the mourning on the Ninth Day of Ab—the traditional date of the destruction of both Temples. The dispersion of the Jews, they said, was not a calamity, but

a necessary prologue to the fulfillment of their mission-destiny. The national festivals of the harvest, of the reunions at the sacred Capital, they emasculated into a vague symbolism, or maintained optionally as an historical curiosity. Whatever referred to a group-reality, a civilization, was carefully weeded out.

It was done with much dishonesty, for the compulsion of the Jewish spirit was so strong that it had to be evaded rather than opposed. Things had to be symbolized away. The dropping of the Hebrew language—one of the most powerful civilization compulsions of the Jewish spirit—was gradual and artful. It still survives in a shamefaced sort of way in the ritual of the Reform Temple. The plea was: "We cannot pray in Hebrew because we cannot understand the language." The obvious answer was: "That's just the point. Learn Hebrew!" *Their* answer was: "Drop Hebrew; we see no point in learning it." But the process involved an extraordinary degree of intellectual dishonesty. The old prayers, with their implication of a people (not merely of an ethical or religious system at large), were to some extent retained,

but the translations which were published side by side with them, and which alone were used, were *lying translations!* The excuse of free translation cannot be invoked, for the discrepancies were directed toward the emasculation of the national spirit. It was not done wholly, because the daring was lacking. It was done in part. I offer below some instances taken almost at random from a popular Reform prayer book.

LITERAL TRANSLATION	TEMPLE TRANSLATION
Thus saith the Lord: And this is the covenant which I make with you,[1] My spirit which is upon you, etc.	Thus saith the Lord: This is my Covenant with thee,[1] My spirit which is upon thee.
Thou art One and Thy Name is One, and who is like unto Thy people Israel, one nation in the land?	Thou art One and Thy Name is one: may Thy truth unite all mankind into one holy bond of brotherhood.
May Thy rule be willingly assumed by Moses and the sons of Israel.	May Thy law rule in the hearts of all Thy children.

[1] "You" is plural, meaning the Jewish people; "thee" is singular, meaning the individual.

I could multiply these instances, but the above are typical. One can have no objection to the unimpeachable sentiments which are expressed by the translators. What one must object to is the dishonesty of making it appear that these are translations of some original—whereas they are worse than merely bad translations; they are deliberate negations of the intent of the originals, hypocritically presented side by side with them. The dupes of this hypocrisy are, however, only too willing. Their intent is to fool themselves and to maintain an appearance of some conformity with the old, for without any conformity how could they lay claim to the name of Jew? The point of the elaborate subterfuge is to play the renegade under cover. For the Reformers might easily omit the whole prayer, or omit all Hebrew. But they dare not do it. They must steal their way out of Judaism, not fight their way out.

The spirit of decay which is here evident runs through the entire Jewish Reform Church. Where, for ancient prayers, powerfully knit, compact of vigor and passion, in a language apt for religious ecstasy, modern Reform rabbis have

substituted their own, the result can only be compared to the uninspired imitative improvisations of a schoolboy showing off. The prayers are unreadable to any one with a scintilla of true taste; they are offensive in their flaccidity, in their anxious literary self-consciousness. How could it be otherwise? Great prayers are born of great passions and great men. Reform Judaism has been the work of respectable theorists and polite apologists.

All that is provocative and creative in Judaism, the love of a group and of a specific civilization, the intense consciousness of blood-kinship and of a peculiar destiny (parallel with the sense of destiny in every powerful individual), the hereditary cult which embodied the dearest emotions—all has disappeared. The ancient ritual, enriched through the centuries, but ever faithful to a civilization which hungered for a renewal of a satisfying environment, has been abandoned for a bald thesis, inept and impotent. Reform Judaism is the substitution of castration for circumcision.

Within the Reform movement itself an intense dissatisfaction has become manifest.

Many who have been misled by their desire for some "modernization" of Jewish ritual have come to realize that a recreation of some of the forms of expression of Judaism presupposes a passion for Judaism. In truth Judaism has never been static. Since the ritual was carried out of Palestine two thousand years ago or so, creative spirits have added to it. Some of the most poignant prayers, some of the most moving liturgy, have been added to it within that time. Each addition was a modernization. Such modernizations may still be instituted. There will be a vivid renewal born of the interaction between world-Jewry and the renascent Jewish civilization in Palestine. But the constant factor must be the love of the Jewish race spirit and race civilization. A gradual, semi-furtive spiritual interest in the reconstruction of a Jewish Palestine has spread through the Reform world and is gradually ripening into an open and healthy understanding of Judaism. To that extent Reform Judaism is not Reform Judaism at all, not what its founders intended it to be.

There must forever remain, however, a section of Jewry which represents its elements of decay.

And decay is forever at work, in a variety of forms, within the body of every people. That decay of a part of all peoples is not only inevitable, but desirable, for out of the fragments which break away from established races, new races are ultimately formed, new shadows find embodiment, and the strange history of mankind continues the weaving of the visible garment of the Godhead. Fragments of the obstinate nationalisms of old Europe recombine in America to form an equally obstinate American nationalism, and the claims of Reform Judaism that it has "risen above" nationalism are contradicted in that the Jew dies as a Jew only to be reborn as part of another race or group. I have heard Reform Jews plead like the radical for the racial dissolution of Jewry on the ground that the time has come for an international brotherhood transcending all racial divisions. From Reform Judaism the plea comes with a double hypocrisy, for no group of citizens is more passionately attached to the non-Jewish nationalism of its environment; and whether or not this attachment is conscious, the truth still is that while he secedes from racial Judaism in the

name of universalism, he is only lending himself to the reaffirmation of the way of life—the creation of races and nationalisms.

I can remember that in the days when I was given over completely to the impossibilist internationalist ideal, I was troubled by a certain unfairness in the relative situations of myself and of my English comrades *vis-à-vis* the common ideal. Whatever were the professions and the activities of the Englishman, he remained what he was in actual life. If, some day, he should retreat from his philosophy, nothing was lost. He was still what he had been, and the change in philosophy had led to no change in his culture. For him there remained the permanent refuge of his people. He was still English. I, however, was making a resumption of my Jewishness more and more difficult. If I, some day—too late in the process—were to perceive that I had abandoned my Jewishness without becoming (in myself or in my children) anything else than an imitation Anglo-Saxon, having thus exchanged one restriction for another, retreat might by then be impossible. My English comrades could play the internationalist quite safely, and drop

the game whenever they felt like it. I was giving everything away. I was troubled then by the forebodings of a conviction which has since become clear to me. I perceive now that, in the vast majority of cases, an "equal affection for all peoples," as claimed by the internationalist, is in reality an equal indifference to all. It is not love of all humanity which lifts him clear of race affection, but an absence of emotional relationship to any and every part of it. The truth is that love of all men finds its first expression in love of that part of humanity to which the man is most intimately related; and of the lover of mankind, one might say, as was said in another connection, he could not love the rest so much, loved he not his own more.

Since partial decay in all races is inevitable, is involved in the creation of new groups and group affections with their dominant culture-idea, it is absurd to inveigh against it. But the element of dishonesty enters in the superior claims of the decaying fragments. If men are ready to yield themselves to the formation of new peoples, abandoning the sources of their origin, well and good. But let them not do so in the name of an irrelevant and impossible ideal.

Chapter VIII

RACE AND WAR

A traveler I once met in southern Colorado told me a somewhat fanciful story of a village not far off—I think in northern New Mexico—where a strange, perhaps a unique, experiment was in progress. By accident of circumstance there had gathered at this point an unusual confluence of races, which, if the traveler were to be believed, could hardly be matched for its universal human completeness. For there had come together, into this small place, representatives of the African Negro, the American and Chinese Mongol, the Semite and the Aryan—with a good many subdivisions, themselves the result of recent or remote admixtures, the Mexican Creole, part Spanish (Aryan), part Indian (Mongol?); the Mulatto, part Aryan, part Negro; the Calabrian Italian, part Latin, part Greek, part Arab, part almost anything else. In the last fifty years, the traveler told me, while

the settlement had been growing by accretion from the outside, free intermarriage had set in across the groups, with a consequent production of almost unanalyzable ethnic types. The story was of course overdrawn, though I had heard, in that part of the country, of some queer enough mixtures, but there was nothing either illogical or impossible in the exaggeration. I took to constructing some of the hypothetical combinations which might have been effected, and traced the consequences to the third and fourth generation. A Scandinavian and a squaw had mated, and produced a son, and a Chinaman and a Negress had mated, and produced a daughter. The son of the first pair mated with the daughter of the second pair, and a son was born. He, having grown to manhood, took a wife whose father was born of a Jew who married a Mulatto, while her mother was born of an Italian who married a Creole. Of this pair a son was born. So far the third generation, which is all that can have been reached according to the story of the traveler. But as the third generation attains maturity we may foresee a marriage almost ideal in its ethnic universality, a marriage between

the man last listed and a woman whose father was Basque and Turk on his father's side, Irish and Zulu on his mother's, and whose mother was Jap and French on her father's side, African Bushman and Scotch on her mother's.

Why does this picture, part actual, part fanciful, fill me with a strange loathing, suggest the obscene, the obscurely beastly? Are they not all, Turk and Bushman and Jew and Chinaman and the rest, children of God, equal in His eyes and in the eyes of reason? Have not such mixtures already taken place in the past? They have not been so swift, but they have probably been as complete. Why then does that village which my fancy conjured up call to mind a heap of reptiles breeding uglily in a bucket?

Is it superstition, blind, meaningless superstition—the contravention of a taboo which grew up in far-off days of savagery and still rules my mind? Or is there in this revulsion a more decent significance? Does it contain, in spite of its superstitious forms, an instinct valuable to man, part of the spiritual mechanism which has given us cultures and civilizations?

Some one will answer me: "I grant you the

value of this feeling, whether it be superstition or 'instinct' or rational policy. I grant you that rough group divisions are inevitable in the human race, for physical reasons; and I will grant even more, that where there is no feeling of cultural continuity, transmitted within a group, there can be no culture. Perhaps you do wrong to use the word 'revulsion.' But when the children of various races intermarry blindly, freely, without hesitation, without any feeling of restraint, it does argue that they are not conscious of a cultural compulsion; if they were, they would want to marry those whose mental, spiritual past is like their own, and in their children perpetuate their own acquired cultural personality. I grant further that the dream of a uniform world is both childish and horrible, perhaps impossible. But what is hateful, and what drives us to this extreme, is the insularity of each cultural race or group, the hysterical sense of a peculiar group destiny, exalting it above all others. Hateful is the jealousy, the arrogance of the group, its enmity toward aliens, the mob passions it lives on, destroying reason, invalidating the results of intelligent scientific investigation. Hateful

above all is the rationalization which fortifies its passion, the belief that this group is specially chosen or created by God—or, if you will, that this group is biologically individual. If there is no other value in the universal truths of science, at least they may serve to temper the savagery of the group. Let there be, since there must be, all the groupings, localizations, possible—but with none of the passions which men like you seek to foster, none of the exclusiveness, the pride, the self-glorification that disfigure the relations of race with race, nation with nation."

I think we have now touched the very quick of the problem. Behind the idealism of the internationalist radical lurks the horror of war, and surely no period in human history gives better warrant for this horror than the years since 1914.

Whatever we grant to the economic side of the question, it still remains true that the passion which carries war along, which gave to the last war its fearful vehemence, is not the desire for gain. The desire for gain may be cruel, but it is reasonable, or at least crafty. And even if we concede that a few men can precipitate war in the hope of gain, it is ridiculous to assert that

the masses of any nation respond, as they did in the last great war, under any such influence.

It was the group-love that was frightened, roused, tapped. It was the emotion we call patriotism which made possible the most destructive war of all times and which may outdo its horrors tenfold in the future. And it is argued that a thing which produces such evil cannot be good. If it was known before to be an evil thing, patriotism has in the last decade been seen at its ugliest, and throughout the whole world it has been assaulted with every means at the disposal of man; it has been exposed in cold analysis, denounced by the righteous, derided by the intellectual.

And what is this patriotism? Is it the love of the individual for all other members of his race or group—a special affinity? Intelligence denies this. Apart from the fact that the affinity does not exist, and apart from the fact that the race (much less the nation) is not homogeneous, no man loves in a special way the anonymous millions under the same government as himself. He may as well love the whole world and be done with it. Love of his country? No man

has a sentimental relation to hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory, the greatest part of which he has never seen.

What is this passion, then? Has it no foundation at all? Have all wars fought in its name since the beginning of human history been the blind struggle of infuriated herds of beasts? To believe this is to deny all meaning to history; and many thinkers have so done. But such a denial makes impossible any reasonable appreciation of national cultures, and if we define patriotism only as a negative illusion we can understand nothing of the creative side of mass life.

This passion that we call patriotism is the love of a way of life, the way of life in which a man has been brought up; which is shared—and fortified—by millions around him; which has evolved to the forms he knows through the lives of his parents and grandparents; which he, delighting in or struggling with, perpetuates in himself and in his children and in his children's children—his only share in immortality. When this man is told that his country is in danger he is not moved to action by abstract pity for his millions

of fellow citizens. It is *his* medium of life that is threatened, that instrument in which *he* found consciousness, the joys and agonies of living. There awakens in him not love for his anonymous countrymen as such, and not affection for unvisited places; there awakens the terror of the void. That which is dear and familiar to him, which represents life as he has lived it, is faced with extinction—institutions, games, the continuity of the thread of memory from father to son. And in its place looms something he never knew, alien tongues and ways of living, a world in which his blood has had no share.

Patriotism is the love of a civilization; it is the emotion which accompanies the perpetuation of a spirit laid upon a group.

It detracts nothing from this truth to admit that patriotism may be misled, may be vulgar, brutish. To each man the way of life of his group and country makes a different appeal; within the unity there is diversity. To one Englishman, England may mean the public house, the Saturday night spree, the football games, backing horses; to another it may mean Milton and Wordsworth, the public school, the

dream of a great empire greatly administered; but to each it is his way of life, his own life.

Nor does it invalidate this definition of patriotism to grant that millions of individuals leave their native lands, settle in the midst of alien cultures, for purely economic reasons—give up their dearest spiritual possessions for bread. How slowly, and in what agony, the old civilization dies in them, Italians and Germans in the Americas, struggling desperately to perpetuate in the midst of the preponderant Anglo-Saxon culture the heritages of their groups; the French in Canada and Louisiana, the Boers in South Africa. It is a cheap appraisal of the human being, and a cowardly simplification of the problem, which refers colonies solely to economics. Colonies are founded as an outlet to surplus population, but they are also attempts—often unsuccessful—to transplant the old spirit or civilization to a new place, to carry the flame from the old hearth to the new—the hunger to remain English, German, French. Not the advantage of tariff concessions binds Canada and Australia to England; not for the sake of a market did these and other colonies send their

contingents of men and money; but because they believed that they represented, in common with England, a certain way of life threatened by another way of life.

I have heard some pacifists declare that they knew of only one or two wars which they could understand and would have fought in. "I would have fought for Greece against Persia," said one. "Or for Rome against Carthage. There it was a struggle for civilizations."

But most wars are struggles between spirits through the medium of the men these spirits command. There are some who will argue that this is an illusion, that civilizations are not wiped out by wars; but at least this is the belief; this is the motive behind patriotism. And though it is well enough to analyze the economics of war and to prove that interested parties are always ready to precipitate it, that in war (in modern war, at least) the victor loses almost equally with the vanquished, that an economic threat cannot be countered by a military victory; though it is well to invent all manner of devices for the settlement of international disputes, for the obstruction of those quick, blind passions which result in

war; though all this is good, we shall never solve the problem unless we understand that men fight not for gain but in the belief, accurate or unfounded, that their civilization, their manner of being, is threatened from without.

Seen under this aspect, war is not a matter to be argued away with cold reason. If we grant (and I must grant it) that the love of a civilization, of a group spirit, is the moving factor of all cultures, we stand face to face with a deep and desperate emotion. The love that Shakespeare bore to England, Goethe to Germany, had something of a primal quality; of this love too it may be said: "Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." There are men who recognize an "affirmative patriotism," creative through love. But love cannot be tepid or white-hot at command, sweetly reasonable at one moment, eruptively creative at another. Men who would like patriotism to be profound, passionate, fruitful, and yet cool, cautious, are like a respectable girl in love with a genius; she wants him to remain a genius, but to lose all the turbulent passions that

are part of his strength; she wants him to commune with the fires at the heart of the world, to adventure to the icy summits of mountains, but to remain proper, suburban, domestic, too.

Where love exists there danger exists too; jealousy, exclusiveness, unreasonable sensitiveness, exaggeration, glorification.

Is it a hopeless struggle, then, this struggle against war? Must the end of it be referred, as the Jewish prophets have referred it, even to the end of the world? Perhaps not. But in any case it is no such simple and straightforward matter as we would like to believe. It will be remembered that when the Treaty of Versailles and its companion treaties were still in the molding, an abortive movement was set on foot to equalize the injustices which Nature has committed against nations; for some nations have an abundance of natural resources and materials, and others suffer from an insufficiency. Because it failed to take action in this matter, and for many other reasons, the Treaty of Versailles has been denounced as an instrument of iniquity. But what treaty can forecast the future, and allow for the unequal fecundity of races and

groups? The population of France is stationary, that of Germany growing. (*"Il y en a vingt millions de trop,"* Clemenceau is reported to have said.) Suppose some day the population of France should be thirty millions, that of Germany ninety? Does any one dream that France will peacefully allow wholesale settlement of Germans in her territory? Does any one even demand it? France has the right to be herself, to maintain her own civilization, even through the exclusion of hungry foreigners when her own territory is underpopulated and underexploited. The borders of Japan are now too narrow for her millions; shall these millions be allowed to expand into Asia (Chinese or Russian), into California, into Australia? Italy needs new land; where shall her millions go? Into northern Africa? France and Spain have preëmpted most of that territory, in the expectation, or at least the hope, of need. Into America? Italians, Jews, and Slavs are now declared to be at variance with the spirit of this country's civilization.

The opposition to the foreigner, here as elsewhere, may be blind, evil; but it springs from the desire of each civilization to perpetuate itself.

When Englishmen began to settle in too great numbers in Boer territory, the Uitlanders (so they called the English) were subjected to oppressive legislation, because the Dutch spirit would not let itself be submerged by the English. Logically, sensibly, one might have argued with the Boers: "Suppose the English do outnumber you ultimately; suppose they do declare English to be the official language of the country; suppose your children do forget Dutch; suppose the country is finally united with England through the express will of the majority. What of it?" But one cannot argue thus—at least not yet—with human beings. The Boers foresaw this consummation; they tried to prevent it. And the Boer War was the result. How shall we counter the threat of a war between America (or Australia, or both) and Japan, on similar grounds?

There is only one hope, and it need only be mentioned to be almost dismissed as eschatologically remote: to teach masses to maintain their civilization without coercion, without political action; to teach nations that as long as their territory allows it economically, they must admit all

comers; to teach the same lesson to America, to every nation which has set up barriers (or would set them up) not for economic reasons, but out of the desire to maintain that territorial-cultural homogeneity which is, apparently, the best mechanical guarantee of the survival of a civilization.

Let us foresee the consequences, then; the rush of Asiatics into California and into Australia, the rush of Slavs and Alpine races into America and Canada. . . . Does any one reasonably expect, in the near future, the free movement of races across the face of the world? And without that free movement, with overgrown races groaning within their boundaries, what hope is there of avoiding those periodic explosions which have marked every great migration since the beginning of time?

And add to this the gamesomeness, the pugnacity, which (I believe) is the natural dower of the western races, their love of adventure in itself, their recurrent need of physical excitement finding its most delighted exercise in the most desperate adventure of all—and the hope which

was faint enough in the beginning is almost extinguished.

Can men be taught that, though they must love their land, their kind, they do wrong to give expression to that love in unfriendly action to any one else? It may be true that a civilization gains nothing from a successful war; it may be true that the expansion, the exfoliation, of a civilization depends on laws which we cannot understand. But even if it were true that wars, discriminations, exclusions, artificial boundaries, can assist in the strengthening of a civilization, shall we not consider all such action as the ultimate crime against mankind, and teach that love of one's own kind never justifies discrimination against the stranger?

One group-spirit at least—the Jewish—has maintained itself for sixty generations in the heart of an inhospitable world without recourse to war; has demonstrated—because it had to—that neither conquest nor oppression was essential to its survival. The demonstration is imperfect, and the Jews may not be entitled to any special credit (if one may so speak) for their

enforced pacifism. But it has shown that what seemed the impossible can be done—a group-spirit can survive without the aid of mass-murder. It may seem strange, in the face of this assertion, still to urge the reconstruction of a Jewish culture on Palestinian soil as the point of Jewish survival. But the demonstration of which I have spoken was incidental and not deliberate, and the imperfection of Jewish pacifism resides precisely in this contradiction. For a culture to flower freely, it must be planted in a place. The full perfection of Jewish pacifism would be the voluntary extension, to a Jewish homeland, of the virtue which elsewhere was practiced under compulsion; the demonstration that the spirit of this group depends, for its perpetuation, not on the oppression or the exclusion of the stranger, but on the unshakable personality of the individual.

I do not make the right of the Jewish spirit to reëstablish itself in Palestine contingent on the fulfilment of such a "promise." I do not know whether the Jewish people in Palestine will be pacifist in the extreme sense. Whatever standards we establish for ourselves, the world has no

right to demand of a Jewish Palestine that, as a condition of its establishment, it shall practice a virtue alien to all other peoples. Perhaps—one trembles at the thought—this world, while it remains, must have its wars. Perhaps, on the other hand, if this fear is unjustified, a Jewish Palestine will do more than others to teach the lesson that must be taught—that there will be no peace in the world until the movement of races across the face of the earth is free and unrestricted, until specific cultures shall cease to be the subject of legal discrimination, until the love that each man has to his own group-spirit shall be disciplined by an equal regard for the alien group-spirits of others.

For there is no other road to peace.

Chapter IX

THIS HUMAN TANGLE

This book has been written with a certain heaviness of heart, for I knew in advance that however I wrote it I could not avoid misunderstanding; and now that I read back through it, I can myself give it that interpretation which condemns it. What have I written, after all, but a defense of "patriotism," of "tradition," of "the faith of our fathers"—of all the phrases which have become in the eyes of many intelligent people the symbols of entrenched stupidity? I have heard these slogans so often on the lips of men who are contemptible to me that I have been tempted to give up this formulation of my faith, lest some of them take me to their hearts as one of themselves. I am aware that in my strict delimitation of the significance of science I have laid myself open to the friendship of the narrow-brained Fundamentalist, that in my expression of my sense of the mystery of life I

have invited the congratulations of the superstitious; for in a world where all is essentially mysterious, three may be one, a fish may have swallowed Jonah and spewed him forth alive, the sun and moon may have stood still about Ajalon, and man may have been created yesterday *ex nihilo*. I have spoken of the "destinies" of peoples and races, and a mute parody has kept up a continuous accompaniment in my mind; but a little more, and I might be an orator for a Navy League and a member of a Conscription Association. I have ridiculed the pretensions of internationalist radicalism, and an easy twist given to my words would make me a minor bulwark of the nearest Business Men's Anti-Radical Group.

What is to be done? If I have given comfort to a religious quack, to an obscurantist, to a political vulgarian, to a muddle-headed enthusiast, to the Babbittry of Jewry and non-Jewry, it cannot be helped. Better books, finer thoughts—the best and finest known to mankind—have fared no better. If I may use the comparison, the noblest moral injunctions of the Bible have become a covert for the extremest

cruelties and indecencies of man. I have heard the revolutionary words of Isaiah and Jesus uttered unctuously by the lowest types of men, comfortable exploiters of the poor, vicious enemies of society and of mankind. "What mean ye that ye oppress my people and grind the faces of the poor, saith the Lord God of Hosts!" How often are not these words repeated by hypocritical pastors to flocks composed of men and women grown fat on the privations of workers! I have heard the blessing of the Son of Man—who had not a place where to lay his head—evoked in the midst of congregations whose power and luxury outshone any dream of the ancient world, and I understand well the disgust which confounds the text with the hypocrite, the founder with the church, the principle with the instrument, and cries anathema on them both.

But life is as complex as it is bitter. There is no simplification of the problem. I have spoken of the Jews in exalted terms, with unbounded pride and affection. Am I not aware of all that is ignominious in their midst? Am I blind to the intense vulgarity which gathers round "the

pride of being a Jew"? I have by implication given to the Zionist movement a place in the forefront of fine human achievements. Am I ignorant of the simple truth that all organization breeds evil, that high places are more frequently won by politicians than by idealists, that the strength of numbers which is the need of every organization implies the negation of clear thinking, of nobility?

But there is no way of taking part in the processes of life save through this mixture of good and evil. All life organizes itself, tacitly. The schools which formed round the prophets were organizations. The few disciples who gathered round Jesus constituted a church—and the squabble began for the places of honor in the world to come.

I have spoken of the rebuilding of Palestine as of something uniquely beautiful. Do I not know that in the task we have harnessed forces which prudence might bid me ignore, but which honesty cannot deny? Do I not know that there is something repellent in the simple fact that the military conquest of Palestine gave us our present opportunity? Have I forgotten that thou-

sands of Zionists enlisted in a Jewish legion to hasten that conquest?

Do I not know, further, that every idealist movement is a first impulse, which grows more diffuse as it extends to wider circles? That in the end the beauty of the first impulse is lost in the worldly means through which it seeks to realize itself? Granting the abstract beauty of the Zionist impulse, what is to happen in Palestine? That which happens after all revolutions —the reassertion of the old way of life, the relapse into the ancient ugliness? Some there are who dream of a new Jewish Palestine which will give to the world new embodiments of the old prophetic type. But the old prophets were the reflex of Jewish corruption. Shall we therefore pray for new corruption in Palestine in order that prophets may arise? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?

All these questions, and many more, are ever present to me, and I cannot answer them, but only know that there is an impulse to life which will not be denied. The future must, in that respect, take care of itself. Shall I refuse to be

young because I know I must grow old? Shall I refuse to live because I know I must die?

Above the tangle of evil which is within a people and a movement, rises a spirit which has greatness; and a civilization has significance beyond the component lives of its individuals. We think of the fascination which lies for us in the memory of Babylon, of Greece, of Rome. The paltriness of the separate persons who made up these civilizations is fused into something wildly heroic and beautiful. We remember not only the individual representatives of those lost worlds, but the aggregate, the mass. Outside of Plato and Æschylus and Aristotle, there was Greece itself, the thing of which they were the mouthpiece, but not the creators. The single stones of the mosaic are meaningless. The Athenians were men, with the sillinesses, the vanities, the superstitions, the vulgarities, of all men. But Athens remains, something shining forever. Outside the individual prophets and the rabbis, there was the Jewish people; and its civilization gave to the former not simply the occasion and the content of their laws and ex-

hortations, but the mold, the instrument. The individual Jew is nothing, but the Jewish people, and the world which it built up, is greater than all the prophets and rabbis.

There is no answer to the many questions which I have enumerated, and there is no formula whereby a man can avoid the struggle between good and evil. The fiat of the doctrinaire would destroy the good and the evil together—destroy love because it breeds jealousy, patriotism because it breeds hatred, tradition because it breeds superstition. But what is the gain? To conserve the vital principle and to train it, to encourage the good and discourage the evil, this is the task, difficult to the point of heartbreak, which faces mankind.

Nor is there, outside of a man's own uncertain judgment, any absolute demarcation between the use and the abuse of principle. Thus, in case of the individual, where does natural dignity end and pomposity begin? How much self-confidence may a man have without being an egomaniac? When does that curative force which may be called faith (in God, in one's self, in the life-force, in the principle of good) cease

to be vitality and begin to be lunacy? And in the case of the mass, if the principle of human division into groups is justified by its necessity for cultural creativeness, how far shall the principle be carried? When does love of one's own kind—children, family, or civilization—overpass the proper boundary and become a sin against mankind?

Not only do I offer no answer, but I say that I do not believe an answer is possible. The balance between the intellect which guides and the emotion which drives, between abstract principle and the force of life, must be struck by each man for himself. This book I have written chiefly for those who, as I think, have given too much to intelligence, too little to emotion. As for those who err on the side of undisciplined emotion, the spirit of the times is sufficiently against them.

Chapter X

TO YOUNG JEWRY

If I could, I would choose for this book an audience of younger people. Older men and women are, in spite of their protestations, less concerned with fundamentals, and their reflections have not the character of desperateness which we find in the young. Their comparative indifference springs from several causes; they are habituated to life, and through frequent repetition the phenomena of life acquire a certain self-sufficiency. There is in the old a lack of vitality, and behind true intellectual and spiritual acquisitiveness there must be vitality. But, above all, approaching death gives to older people an unfastidious affection for life itself; merely to be allowed to live on, without reason and on any terms, becomes an ideal.

But in declaring that I have sought in this book to justify my faith, I am aware that the

very word is itself under suspicion. The man who declares in these days, "I have faith," is more easily misunderstood than he who declares, "I have none." The latter statement is, at least on the surface, simplicity itself; the former is as complicated as life. And among intelligent people there is instinctive respect for the man who says, "I do not believe." It seems to bespeak a high degree of intellectual sincerity—for which reason many people with neither intellect nor sincerity profess to believe nothing, and, by systematic negation (the easiest of mechanical tricks), win their own regard and the regard of others. Motive is seldom attributed to the absence of faith, but it is almost automatically associated with a believer. I do not mean especially the grossest form of motive—social standing, respectability, and the material advantages which go with these; I mean rather psychological motives. To have faith (it is said) is to avoid the discomfort of thought, to be cushioned by easy superstition, to be devoid of strenuous objectivity—in brief, to be shielded from the impact of impersonal truth.

But, if we are to discuss motive, it may be said with equal truth that the purely scientific attitude, when extended into every domain of life, is no less a flight from difficulties. The strongest intellectual temptation I have known is the desire to give up all contemplation in favor of simple, objective observation, to flee from all inner problems by declaring that there is nothing except that which can be scientifically proved.

Argument cannot create love; neither can it create faith, for such things are impossible as conscious acts. Nor would I have written this book if I believed that the devaluation of such words as "peoples," "traditions," had resulted in a release of energies, had opened up new ways of creation. But I know that the dissolution of old bonds has left the Jewish youth without a hold on life, and that, like the youth of other peoples —though with more disastrous completeness—it has found no substitute for the rejected relationships. There is an instinctive hunger for faith, and there is at hand the material for its satisfaction. But the Jewish youth is prevented from relieving its distress by an acute intellectual

shamefacedness. It has been bullied into the belief that race and tradition, nation and faith, are words not to be found in the dictionary of the intellectual. This is the inhibition which is choking the life-instinct in the Jewish youth.

And this is the situation which has encouraged me to write this book. All I have sought to do is to dissolve the inhibition which prevents creative longings and emotions from finding fruitful utterance. I have tried to demonstrate that the tyranny which science has established over the thought of our day is neither salutary nor rational, that the "ideals" which, paradoxically enough, are made the motives of a system in which motivation has no place, are self-contradictory, and, except as a power for evil, meaningless. I have tried to demonstrate that the bewilderment and despair of the Jewish youth springs *not* from the realization of ineluctable truths, but from the insolence and intolerance of a passing enthusiasm; that what is offered as the "foundation of intellectual progress" is at war with those impulses which are the first guarantee of creative life and hence of all progress, intellectual and spiritual.

In the atmosphere of complete disillusionment which is proper to the times, nothing can flourish but the spicy and the decorative, and where no great passion is permitted, no great art can arise. The desire to be merely artistic or even merely intelligent (the only quasi-emotional exercise permitted to the disillusioned) is fatal. The creative faculties, which can work only through large emotional convictions, wither in the presence of an inhuman concept of humanity, or exhaust themselves in themes without value or meaning.

To whatever extent I may help to liberate the youth of my people from the bonds of a tyranny which has gripped the whole of the western world, I shall serve others beside ourselves. But even where I have dealt only with specifically Jewish questions I have, in presenting one application of the truth, indicated truth as a whole. The corruption of the time is felt most keenly by the Jewish people, for it has not yet the reservoir of health possessed by other peoples, an externalized and tacit culture incorporated in a living land, a thing happily beyond the reach of the plans of intellectuals.

But others besides ourselves stifle in the atmosphere of the age of science. I feel for them as I feel for my own, and in the liberty which we are beginning to create for ourselves there must also be an answer to their cry.

THE END